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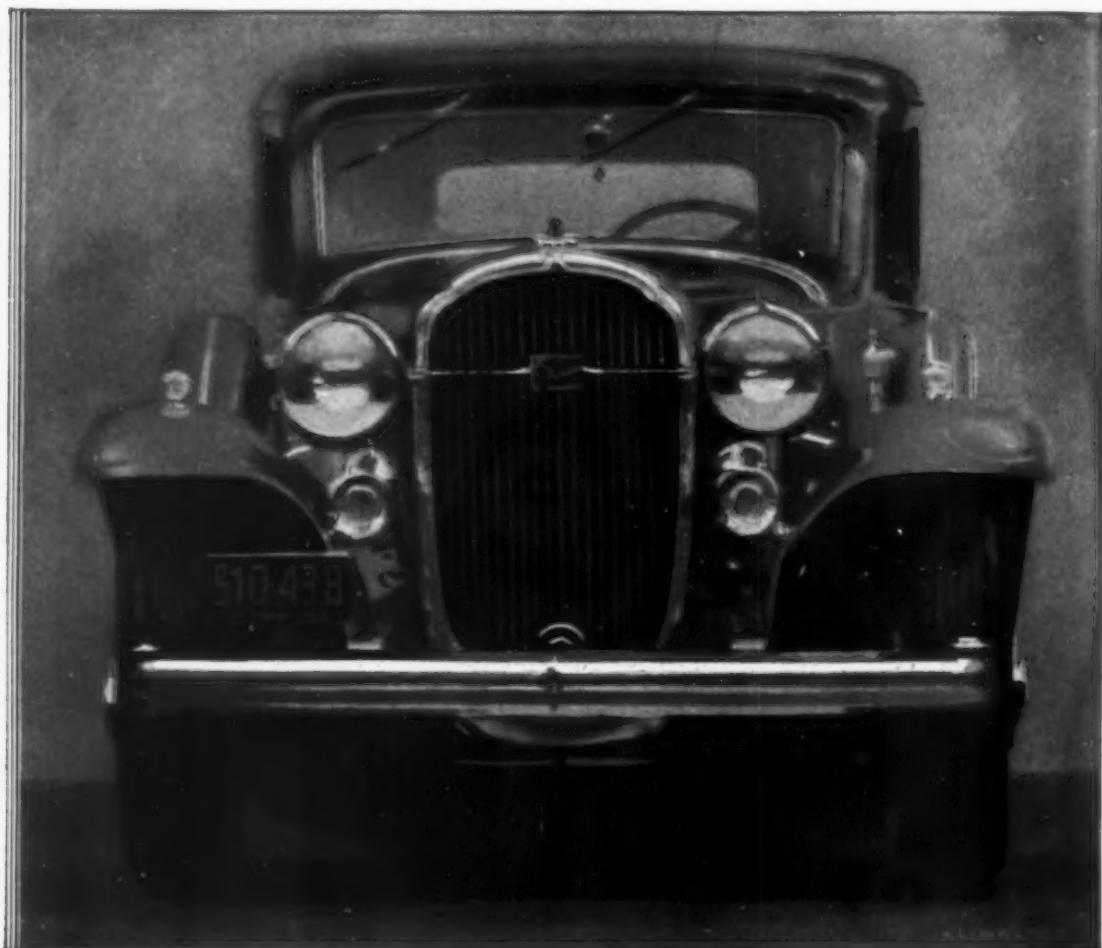


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This magazine is dedicated to the interpretation, in authentic and popular form, with extensive illustration, of geography in its widest sense, first of Canada, then of the rest of the British Commonwealth, and other parts of the world in which Canada has special interest.

The British standard of spelling is adopted, substantially as used by the Dominion Government and taught in most Canadian schools, the precise authority being the Oxford Dictionary as edited in 1929.

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A snug harbour with fish-
houses, grindstone island.
the landing beach is of fine
grey sand.

Canadian Geographical Journal

The Magdalen Islands

By REV. EDWIN SMITH

SITUATED in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, about midway between northern New Brunswick and the ancient colony of Newfoundland, is a group of islands known as the Magdalens.

They lie directly in the path of shipping going up the St. Lawrence and are about as dangerous a group of islands as may be found anywhere in the navigable waters of the globe. Many a tall ship has been smashed to matchwood on those iron-bound crags that rear their heads 400 feet aloft. Many another has been engulfed by bars and quicksands, soon to disappear and leave not a wreck behind. Little wonder they are dreaded by all mariners. The death toll mounts to thousands. Were all their ghosts to haunt these isles, what confusions of race and tongues would reign!

The name now given to the whole group originally belonged only to the long, narrow islands — Amherst, Grindstone, Alright, Wolf, Coffin and Grosse Ile — islands which are more or less connected by a double row of sand dunes enclosing lake-like lagoons but divided in places by sea-openings, fordable at low water, and at Basque Harbour, Havre-aux-Maisons and Grand Entry Harbour, deep enough to admit the entrance of small vessels.

Around these, and never more than a few miles distant, are Deadman Island, Brion Island, Shag Rock, Entry Island and the Bird Rocks, which are now all comprised under the name, the Magdalens, extending in a great curve from

the Bird Rocks in the extreme east to Deadman Island in the extreme west, a distance of about 60 miles.

The group includes 16 islands and islets. With their connecting sand and gravel beaches they have a total super-

ficial area of about 55,000 acres, of which one-third is arable, and another third not wholly useless, while the fisheries add greatly to their value. The islands form part of the Dominion of Canada and are under the civil jurisdiction of the province of Quebec.

Until 60 years ago these islands were entirely cut off from communication with the mainland during winter months, with no regular mail service even during summer. Later a submarine cable was laid from Cape Breton and, thereafter, they had telegraphic communication with the mainland throughout the year. Later still, a regular bi-weekly mail service was established by steamer from Pictou, N.S., operating during the open season for navigation; and in 1927 a winter air-mail

service was inaugurated by aeroplane from Moncton, N.B., so that to-day the isolation of the Magdalens is not nearly as great as it was a few years ago.

The best way to reach the Magdalen Islands is by steamer from Pictou. Indeed, it is the only way, unless you have a yacht of your own. The writer has frequently made the voyage both ways during his 30 years residence in the Maritime Provinces, but does not advise any but the most experienced seamen and navigators to attempt the voyage by



REV. EDWIN SMITH

is the minister of St. Paul's United Church, Warkworth, Ont. He was born at Merigomish, Nova Scotia, and educated at the High School there and at Pictou Academy, Dalhousie University, University of Manitoba, and Pine Hill College, where he graduated in Theology in 1897, following which he did post-graduate work at Oxford and continental universities. For three years during the late war he served as an officer in the Royal Navy.



A Magdalen Islands sailing ship, snapped from deck of "Mizpah."

themselves, for fogs, gales, currents, shoals and sandbars make navigation a difficult matter indeed.

On the occasion of my first visit, we left Souris, P.E.I., after dark and arrived in sight of the Magdalens about seven in the morning. It was a clear, cheerful day after a storm. The sails of half a hundred fishing vessels dotted the horizon; and the crests of Amherst and Alright, in the extreme distance, and Entry near at hand, were exceedingly beautiful, warmed by the morning sun which mellowed their vivid tints into pearly grays.

Passing to the southward of Amherst Island we sailed close to the "Aliene," a fine Italian barque stranded on the south side shoals two days previously,

in the same gale which had sent the writer's yacht flying into Souris, P.E.I., for shelter. Rounding the grand, gaily-coloured cliffs of Entry Island we sailed leisurely up to a pier at the head of Pleasant Bay. The curious little town of Amherst lies there, composed of perhaps 50 houses straggling up the flanks of the Demoiselles, conical hills which on the seaside fall vertically nearly 280 feet at one point. The business portion of the metropolis of the Magdalens lies farther down, where store-houses and fish-stages for drying cod are huddled together on a sand-bar scarce 100 paces across, which connects Mount Gridley with Demoiselle hill. On the north-east side of this is Pleasant Bay; on the south side is Havre Aubert, twisted by the



A friendly gossip on the road does not hinder the knitting.

Yankee fishermen into Harbour le Bear. It is a small but safe port—the best in the Magdalens for small vessels; but the entrance channel is narrow and shifting, and only accessible to vessels drawing not more than 12 feet of water.

A long sand-spit called Sandy Hook, partially under water, extends due east from Amherst Island to Entry, from which it is separated by a narrow and dangerous channel. Pleasant Bay is the bight formed by Sandy Hook round by Basque Harbour to Grindstone Island. It is a commodious and safe roadstead

in all but easterly winds, when vessels must cut and run for the other side of the island, or, if small, make a dash for Amherst Harbour if taken too suddenly.

Cartier anchored in Pleasant Bay on June 29th, 1534, and in 1626, Champlain, returning from France, sailed into the bay to pass the night. He did not anchor in the bay itself, but, as he says, "in a small haven a little farther to the west" (really south-west) which he named Havre Aubert; and the island itself he named "Ile St. Aubert." This harbour and island carried for a long time the



Digging clams for bait at low tide, Amherst Island.

names given to them by Champlain, but they are now known by the name Amherst, given by the English.

"Looks calm enough now, sir," said the purser of the "Lovat" as she docked at Amherst pier, "but it blows—Lord, how it blows here sometimes!" I did not doubt it, for in the terrific gale of August, 1873 (which the writer well remembers as having destroyed all our trees and tore a square or more of shingles off our house at Merigomish, N.S.) the American fishing fleet was lying for refuge in Pleasant Bay when the wind shifted so suddenly and violently into the eastward that 37 schooners were driven ashore in an hour and piled together on top of one another, and many of their crews were either drowned or dashed to death amid the debris on shore.

While I was engaged in taking photographs of the sights and scenes in Amherst a timid young man approached me confidentially, informed me that he had a fiancee in a house nearby, and asked if I would come and take a picture of them together. This I consented to do and asked him to lead me to the door of his sweetheart's home. She was a bright



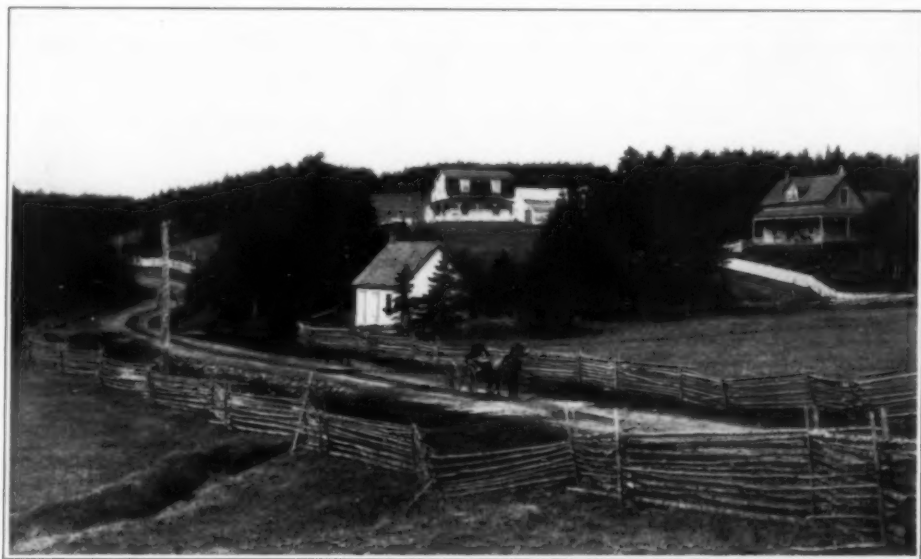
The islanders gather in front of the Post Office for mail, at Havre Aubert. Those from farthest points come in their home-made carts.

and comely little French girl and came forth joyfully. Seldom, if ever, had I seen a more devoted pair of lovers, and great was their delight when I informed them in imperfect French, that I would send them a few prints in two or three weeks. The prints were forwarded as promised, and thankfully acknowledged. But lo! a month later I received a second letter from the young man asking me if I would make him a dozen prints with the young lady left off. Evidently love, too, like the weather, can be changeable in the Magdalens.

In reward for public services Captain, later Sir, Isaac Coffin received a grant of these islands from the British Crown in 1787. Discovered by Jacques Cartier, they had been colonized by the French, chiefly Acadians, after their expulsion from Acadia. They have received accessions from Canada, St. Pierre, Jersey and England, and the population now numbers roundly 8,000, the majority of French descent and speaking and retaining the language, customs and religion



Fisherman and his fiancée. This photograph was taken by request. A month later the writer received a request for two dozen copies with the young lady left off. So soon!



Road scene, Grindstone Island, en route to Etang du Nord.



of the parent country. The English settlers number about 1,500 in all.

The largest island of the group, Amherst, is situated farthest to the south-west. It is six miles long and three wide. The hills in the south-west are red and steep, while on the south east side there is the remarkable series of cone-shaped hills known as the Demoiselles, already referred to. This island has two churches and five schools, with 350 scholars. There is a government pier at the head of Pleasant Bay and a lighthouse on the west side which serves to warn vessels away from the dangerous White Horse reefs and Deadman Island.

Entry Island, five miles to the eastward of Amherst, is pentagonal in form. It is two and a half miles long and half a mile wide, and, for its size, offers an unusual variety of scenery and attractions. The western half forms a gentle slope, broken by charming meadows and pasture lands overgrown with pota-

toes or waving grain and fragrant grasses, and ending abruptly in dark red cliffs 50 to 100 feet high. The eastern part of Entry is mountainous. The highest summit is 580 feet above the level of the sea and looks higher, it is so steep. The prospect from the top on a calm September day is one of rare beauty. The tints of sea and sky are soft, yet rich as those of southern latitudes. At our feet lie spread the rich uplands and lowlands of Entry Island encircled by a line of silver foam. Beyond are the groups of islets clustering around Pleasant Bay, the red and gray precipices of Amherst, Alright and Grindstone, bathed in hues so tender and beautiful that one can hardly believe it is not some fair scene in the Aegean, pictured before us like an exquisite dream. In the extreme distance, 50 miles away to the southward, may be discovered the faint outlines of Cape Breton and a little farther to the westward, the shores of Prince Edward Island.



Hay waggons are not popular in the Magdalens. The people use a light wooden sled instead. No breeching is needed—nor backpad either. If they do not own a horse they use a cow.

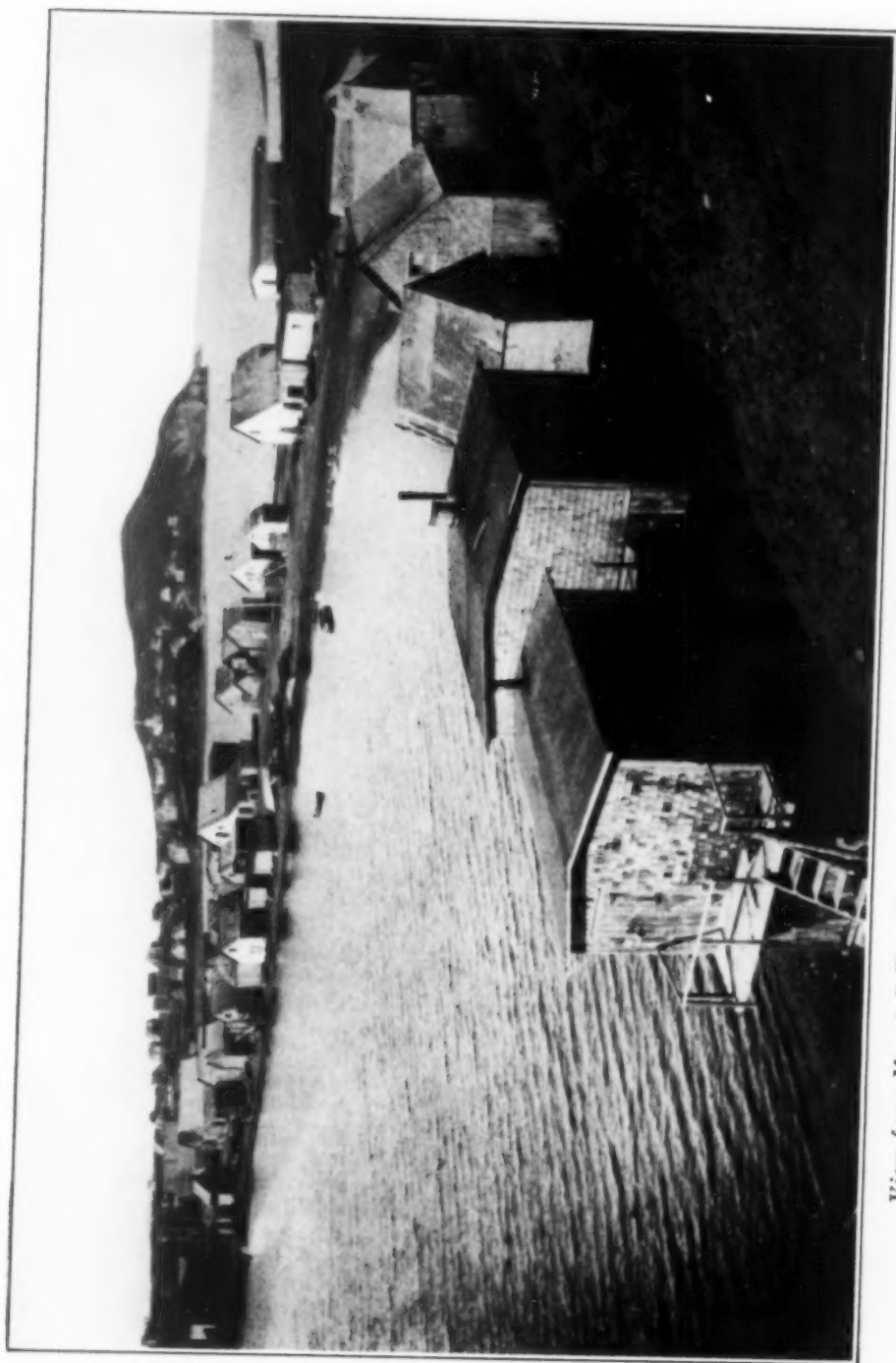
On this little isle about 30 families pass their uneventful, but not unhappy, lives. They are all of English and Irish descent, and such a thing as want is probably unknown, even in times like these. They export some stock and provisions, including considerable butter. The people appear to be thrifty and have large families, yet there is no spirit of rivalry amongst them. And why should there be? They have enough and are content. Here, during the long winter days, when shut out entirely from the rest of the world, including the other islands, the women sit and spin yarns and wool at the same time. The old-fashioned spinning wheel is used in all the islands, and most of the people are clad in homespun. There is a small English church on the island and a school attended by about 40 scholars. This island has a lighthouse which shines towards the south-west and serves to guide vessels desiring to pass into Pleasant Bay.

"I mind a ship as went ashore on Entry half a century gone," an old salt will tell you. "All her canvas was

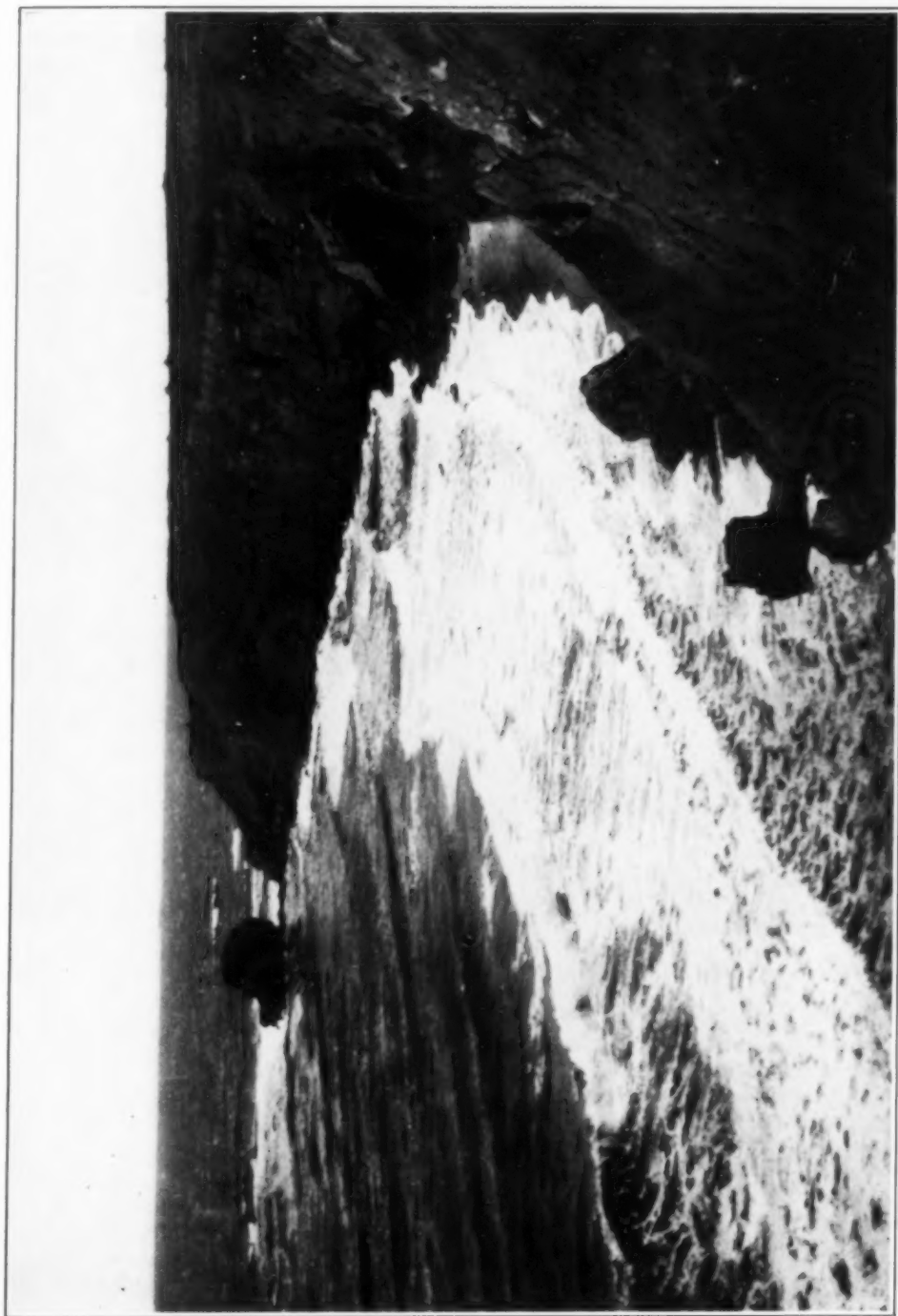
blowed clean off. Water-logged she was, too. A Christmas day, aye! Every man jack was froze, but we got 'em under hatches at our houses, put ice in tubs, thawed 'em out, an' then packed 'em in wool and cod ile. We saved 'em all. Not a one perished, sir, but there was a Mr. Walters who couldn't walk till March. They stayed all winter. Each family took some. Walters, he taught the first school we ever had. Ah, them was the days to remember!"

Next call is Grindstone (or L'île aux Meules). There is a government pier here also at which the steamer calls.

If Entry Island ranks first in scenery, then Grindstone certainly comes second. It is eight miles north-east from Amherst, with which it is connected with a double row of sand dunes. This island is six miles long and three and a half wide. Its different capes have an elevation of from 200 to 300 feet. The population totals 2,200 souls, divided into 552 families, of which 500 are Roman Catholic and nearly all Acadians. The others are English Protestants. Grindstone village is the business centre, with the main



View from Mount Grilley, Havre Aubert, Amherst Harbour on left and Pleasant Bay on right.



A Magdalen Islands' headland. The land is continually being washed away by the action of the sea during spring and autumn storms.

post office—some four feet by six—the tiny bank and still more tiny customs house, also the wireless station. The central telegraph office for the whole group is here, and a submarine cable running to Meat Cove, C.B., connects these islands with the rest of the world.

Etang-du-Nord is a curious little fishing village on the other side of the island which we reached by horse and carriage at the cost of \$2 per day, for four of us. The shore of the haven is lined with rude houses on stages in the water for storing fresh fish, and the huts

Now that we are on the west side of the archipelago we will take a look at Deadman Island the terminus of an immense reef which extends a mile in the direction of L'île-aux-Goelands; between the two is the famous White Horse reef, 360 feet wide and covered with 12 feet of water—one of the most dangerous reefs in the whole group.

This island, 1,000 feet long and 170 feet high, lies ungraced by any slightest spear of grass, nine miles out at sea from Amherst. Cartier noted it and so did Champlain, who gave the archipelago its



Toys are scarce at Grand Entry, but the children group lobster-pots into play-houses, and for fun the city children can't beat 'em!

of the fishermen are ranged behind these. The bay was full of small boats at anchor while the larger ones were out on the banks fishing. One must not be fussy about smells when he visits Etang-du-Nord. Indeed one needs a bit of stamina to keep from retreating before the massed attack of rich perfume and an unimaginable horde of black flies. Bright sun, dismembered fish, red sand and innumerable children, shy and good-mannered, so like a fishing village in Brittany, Etang-du-Nord has a colour and an atmosphere of its own, not soon to be forgotten.

present name. It has a strange, sombre, forbidding aspect. From a distance it looks exactly like the body of a drowned sailor laid out for burial, floating upon the surface of the sea. The islanders view it with superstitious dread, and many indeed are the strange and weird stories that I have heard concerning it.

Tom Moore, the Irish poet, sailed past this island late one evening in 1804, and was moved to write a poem on it. One verse reads:

"To Deadman's Isle, in the eye of the blast,

To Deadman's Isle she speeds her fast;
 By skeleton shapes her sails are furled
 And the hand that steers is not of this world!"

And, later, Edmund Clarence Stedman also paid the Magdalens tribute:
 "Woe, woe to those whom the islands pen!

In vain they shun the double capes.
 Cruel are the reefs of Magdalen.

The Wolf's white fangs what prey escapes?

The Grindstone grinds the bones of some,

One of the fishermen at Etang-du-Nord confided to me that he had made \$400 by lobster fishing in the spring; and he had already caught \$600 worth of mackerel—"and the best of the season is yet to come." I should not omit to mention also that here stands the only apple tree in the Magdalens. True, it is only a gnarled, half-dead, little crab-apple tree, but an apple tree, nevertheless.

Once you've been to the Magdalens, you'll never forget the smell of herring being smoked. A smoke-stand in full



The sea-coast cow sometimes draws a cart.

And Coffin Isle is craped with foam.
 On Deadman's shore are fearful shapes."

The biggest fish-curing plants and herring-smokers are on Grindstone. Good farms and cattle are also to be seen here. The land is made rich by the use of kelp and herring and lobster refuse as fertilizer; the clack of mowing machines and the sight of girls and women milking cows outdoors in the old French way make a rustic scene rather surprising in those northern seas. At Grindstone I found the people in a happy and optimistic frame of mind.

blast is worth seeing—and scenting. You'd think it was afire. Dense clouds drift out through the shingles. Inside you see perhaps a hundred fires banked with sawdust, glowing in a cavernous gloom. High over head, tiers of men are handing up the long "skivers" on each of which boys and girls have transfixed 20 herrings by the gills. Each bay contains 27,000 fish, so a 30-bay house holds more than 800,000, and for six weeks all these herrings have to be moved from time to time; started at the bottom and gradually transferred to the top. A really interesting sight is the interior of a



Women of the Magdalen Islands on their way to dig clams, used by their menfolk to bait the mackerel hook.

smoke-house with nearly 1,000,000 herring all adangle. Lovely are their hues of black and gold and rich, warm brown. And what odour more appetizing? If you've never seen a smoker in full blast, a treat is waiting for you.

Alright Island lies a little to the northeast of Grindstone. It is three miles by two, and is inhabited by 250 Acadian families. In addition to church and school, this island has a convent under the direction of the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame.

Cape Alright has an elevation of 400 feet. Havre-aux-Maisons (House Harbour) is a port of importance as the seat

of the seal fisheries, in addition to what is done there in the disposal of shore mackerel and lobsters. In the 18th Century walrus frequented the Magdalens in vast numbers, but were at last frightened away by the prodigious slaughter. There are now no walrus in the region.

Gone, too, are the feudal overlords. The relationship between Sir Isaac Coffin and his heirs, and the settlers, was never a happy one. Against them the islanders often rebelled, till finally in 1903 a strong Canadian corporation bought out the last heirs and incorporated under the name of "Magdalen Islands Company." The government



A mother of the Magdalen Islands, Quebec.

helped the inhabitants to purchase land and gave them liberty from serfdom.

The seal has always been common around the Magdalens, and sometimes the catch is important. The seals are caught on the floating ice, which sometimes extends for many miles, but it is liable to be blown away from the shore by a change of wind. Immense is the excitement throughout the whole settlement when news runs that the seals have arrived. Every soul turns out, including

the women, who stand on the shore with refreshments. Every party of hunters takes a small skiff with which to return in case the ice moves off. At best, seal hunting is laborious and dangerous work, and many men have lost their lives through being carried away on the ice.

In later years the catch has been much smaller than formerly. In 1929 and 1930 only a few hundred were taken. The Newfoundland sealing fleet, which now uses aeroplanes in locating the seal herds,



The women do most of the work about the place, while their husbands are away fishing.

follows them into the gulf and captures most of them before they reach the Magdalens.

The herring fisheries are of great value and importance. Twenty-five thousand barrels are an average exportation of herring. Farm work fills up odd times. All crops grow well, especially potatoes.

North-east from Grindstone Island stretches the broad and navigable lagoon, formed by Wolf and Alright Islands on either side, with their long sand dunes that unite them with Grosse Isle and Coffin Island. Grand Entry Harbour is a fine port of refuge between the latter islands which are the most common resort of the seals. This is the farthest northern point served by the "Lovat" from Pictou.

Grosse Ile, 19 miles north-east of Grindstone, is inhabited by 100 English families. It is four miles long and three wide. Coffin Island is the longest island of the group, but very narrow. It trends towards the south-west for 25 miles, several miles in width in some places and only several rods in others. It is inhabited by 60 families, for the most part Acadians.

There is considerable stir when the steamer arrives at Grand Entry Har-



The beach of Amherst Island, showing some of the summer homes of the fishermen's families.

bour bringing passengers, mails and freight. Everybody turns out for the occasion and here, as at other ports of call, the steamer is often met by huge motorboats filled with a crowd from the other islands all round the great lagoon. Grand Entry is the only village in the Magdalens that is built like a village. It is the only settlement where there are buildings on both sides of the street. True, this street is hardly more

above the sea. It is famous for the richness of its grain and pasture fields, and for its fine trees, but apart from that it is one of the most lonely and desolate places in the world. "Yet the lighthouse keeper and the family of a well-to-do farmer, with two sons and daughters dwell here. "They have lots of money," Magdaleners say. "Oldest daughter is 36 now; born there and never was to the main islands but once. She's never



The family on an outing does not forget the feelings of the old mare, and so the colt goes along too. And papa comes out for a last word of instruction and to see that there is plenty of hay to make riding in the old cart easy, and to give the mare her dinner when the time comes for lunch.

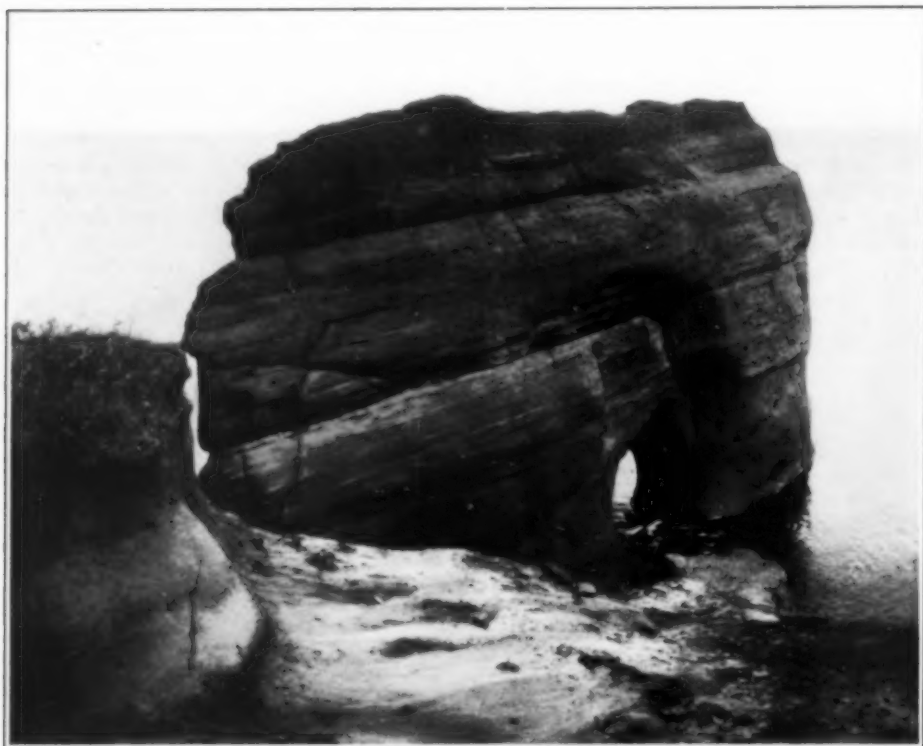
than 100 yards long and it is paved with ankle-deep sand, but it is a real street while it lasts. Once you step off the pier you are in a sand pile, and there is nothing else but sand for miles around. It is a port of call simply because it has sufficient depth of water and is so well sheltered by the sand dunes.

Brion Island, four miles long and two miles wide, is beautiful, with a slight inclination towards the south. No part of this island rises higher than 210 feet

seen a movie, a railway, an aeroplane or an auto."

This island has no connection by sandbars with any of the other islands. It is detached and remote, and during the long winter months, when the gulf is full of ice, the scene is one of cold and sullen desolation. All this is lonely enough but it is a paradise compared to life on the Bird Rocks, 10 miles north-east.

These rocks—North Bird and Great Bird—lie directly in the path of vessels



Curious rock formation off the coast of Entry Island. These rocks are bright red.

bound for the St. Lawrence River. Cartier reported "the sea fowl more numerous than grasses in a meadow." North Bird is just a pair of low, cruel ledges which, in thick weather, might easily be approached without being seen. God help any ship that touches them in fog or blizzard.

Great Bird is oval in shape, containing about six acres, and rises to a height of 105 feet. It rises directly from the sea and presents precipitous cliffs on all sides. The summit of the rock is reached by an iron stairway of 100 steps. Supplies for the lighthouse and for the keeper's family are hoisted by a derrick and a steam winch. The light sends out a warning ray for a distance of 21 miles over the sea, and this was the first of the five lighthouses that to-day light up the Magdalens and save thousands of lives.

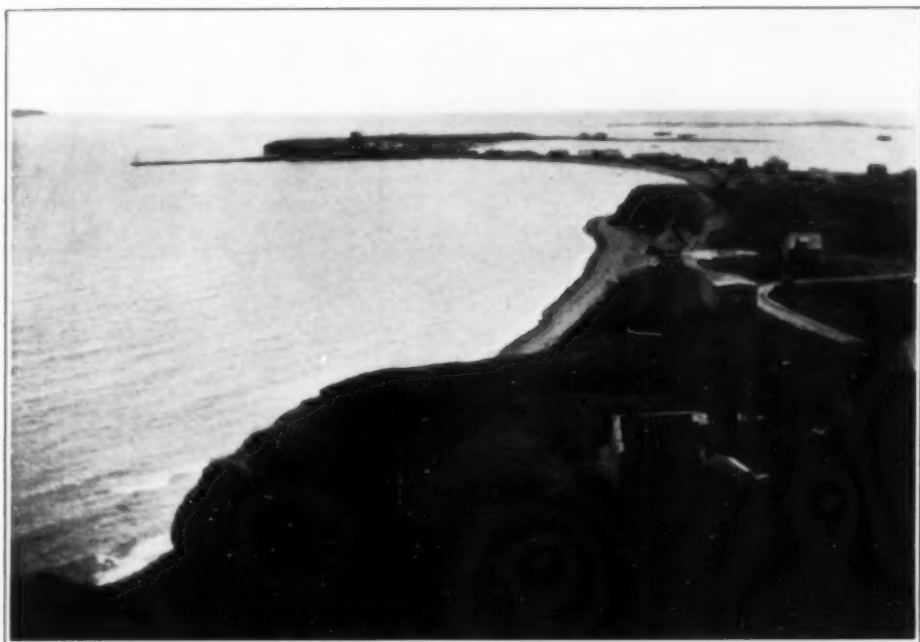
Landing on Bird Rock is impossible except on the calmest days. The lighthouse tender has been known to wait for as long as three weeks before she could put supplies ashore, and the keeper

tells of one occasion when men landed to repair the light and had to stay nearly a month before they could be taken off again. For the past eight years six persons have held the fort in this little-known and little-to-be desired spot of the Dominion. No words of mine can adequately describe life on Bird Rock in winter when the Gulf is full of ice. Not a ship in sight, not even a smoke. Lifted high on a wind-swept snow-covered perch, with an 80-mile-an-hour wind blowing down from Labrador and the thermometer registering about 30 degrees below zero, "these few humans exist as few of our prisoners do."

Spring will come again, and the birds! They will come, myriads of them—gannets, puffins, guillemots and terns to lay their eggs and hatch their young. Their deafening clamour, heard even above the roar of the waves, never ceases; the reek of their nests and the fragments of decaying fish that litter the cliffs on every side make Bird Rock a gehenna, and rob the inhabitants of

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View of Mount Gridley, Havre Aubert. On the right Amherst Island.

many of the joys that spring and summer bring to us.

The lighthouse keeper will tell you that it would not be too bad if he could only leave the rock during the winter when navigation is impossible and no light is needed in the Gulf. But he must be on the job when navigation opens, and the Newfoundland sealing fleet often comes in March. So there he has to stay all winter. If he went ashore in autumn there is no telling when he might be able to get back.

Some tragedies have taken place on this little member of the group which forms the "graveyard of the gulf." Once the keeper ran out of provisions and, during a long spell of bad weather, came near starvation before help arrived. Then, too, the people still tell of the Bird Rock disaster. But let the old-timer tell it in his own words. "That was

33 years ago, sir," he said; "I was doing a bit o' fishin' and freightin' in those days in the old 'North Star' afore I lost her on down in Newfoundland. There was John Turbid, John Pigeon and Paul Chenal an' they had to fire the cannon in case o' fog. Rule was to carry only three charges o' powder to the gun at once, but they carried a whole barrel. Gun back-fired and the primin' cap flew into the barr'l. Turbid was blowed nigh off the Rock, but he lived. Pigeon an' Chenal, though, were tore all to bits, and so was a little boy there. An' Lord man, what a fix the survivors was into afore help come!"

Poor in many things, the Magdaleners are rich in tales of heroism. But heroism is at a discount there. Just as Shaw says that "in Heaven an angel is nobody in particular," so a hero in the Magdalens is a commonplace fellow.

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The Canadian, or Horse Shoe, Fall, Niagara.

Niagara and Thereabouts

By FRANK YEIGH

NIAGARA is a word to conjure with. The euphonious place-name has a wide application: to the old town by river and lake; to the picturesque river that includes one of the world's scenic wonders; to the waterfalls, and the cities and parks on either side of it; to Niagara Peninsula and district; to the ancient Fort Niagara on the American shore of the historic international stream, and in lesser degree and with diminishing fame, the familiar word may be seen displayed on highly-coloured garages and filling stations and even garish wayside refreshment booths!

Niagara and its "Thereabouts" cover a wide range of Canadian history, probably in a more concentrated form than anywhere else in the Dominion, outside of Quebec and its environs.

The three main epochs of our national life are here illustrated, in the successive periods of the Red man, the Frenchman, and the Englishman. The peninsula was

once the recognized home of the Neutral Indians, but these folk of the wild were destined to be crushed between the upper and nether millstones of Iroquois and Huron; they have disappeared from their hunting-grounds as completely as the Hittites of old from their Syrian realm. With the exception of an occasional grave mound, and that difficult to locate, hardly a trace of the poor Neutral remains.

But he was followed in later centuries by other tribes, who played a memorable part in the unfolding drama of a new land. Niagara Common marks the site of the old Council House where the parliaments of the Red men met and debated their problems. Many a dramatic council fire was there held to meet representatives of the white men's rule. Simcoe has left vivid impressions in reports of the conclaves in which he figured, when, the calumet was smoked around the blazing pyramids of fire. A striking open-air moot it must have been when representatives of 30 different

tribes drove hard bargains with the representatives of France or England, or engaged in a battle of wits with United States Commissioners in the days when all three powers were angling for Indian support.

By the time the Neutral had faded out of the picture, came the French, Frontenac and LaBarre, LaSalle and Hennepin, and many another distinguished bearer of the Fleur-de-Lis. The blackened tepee gave place to the stockade when France started to erect her chain of forts from Kingston to the farther west and north. LaSalle's stockade, built at the mouth of the Niagara, was the first tangible challenge of France to the military possession of the undefined New France that reached

to the Mississippi. At a later date, a stone fortress rose in place of the more precarious structure, exhibiting greater strength, so that in 1757 the stone castle of Fort Niagara raised its imposing bulk and

still survives on the United States shore as the oldest historic structure in the region.

The rule of the French, for a century or so, is brought to memory in the grove of hawthorns that border the Common, the supposition being that they were planted by French officers during their occupation of the locality. They still stand unique among the forest growths of the district, but every other vestige of the days of New France has vanished with the passing years.

Niagara not only experienced the day of the Indian and the Frenchman, but it felt the repercussion of the Revolutionary War of 1775, and provided many a battlefield during the War of 1812-14, of the Upper Canada rebellion of 1837-38, and the still later episode of the Fenian Raid of the Sixties. Thus for a part of three centuries Niagara and its thereabouts have been the scene and centre of memorable conflicts and struggles, of which many evidences still remain. These make an historical pilgrimage to the place exceptionally worth while.

FRANK YEIGH

well-known Canadian writer, was the author of "Kingston, Past and Present" which appeared in the November, 1930, issue of the Journal

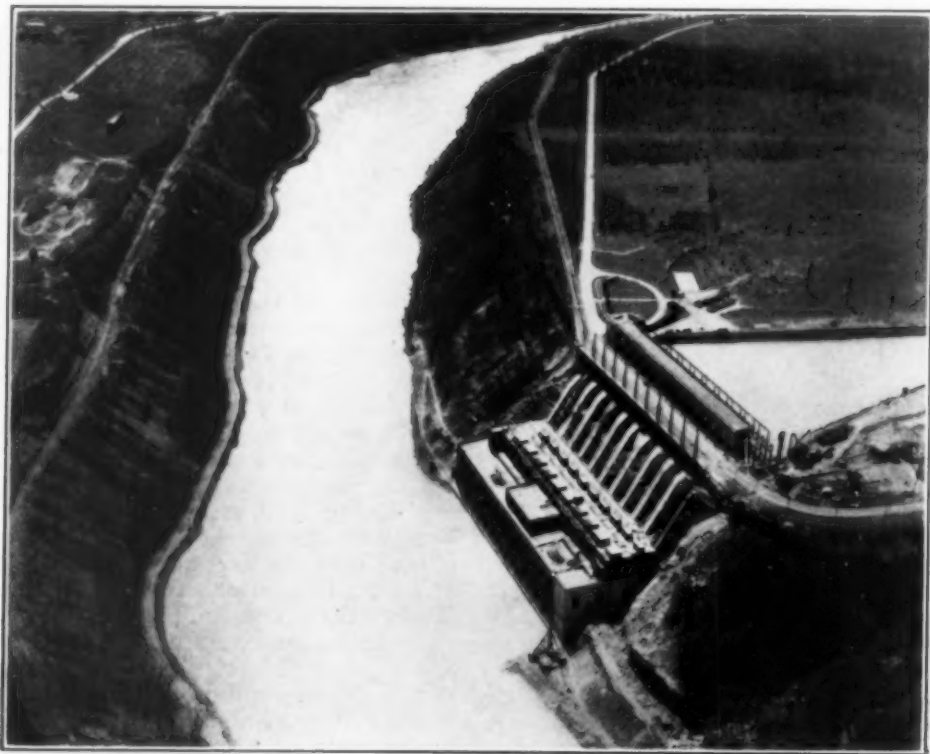


Laura Secord's house at Queenston as partially restored.

Before the stormy days of 1775 came, Niagara was a strategic point of interest. Then was seen the striking figure of Sir William Johnson, as the plenipotentiary of England, at the Indian Council fires

as they parleyed for power—and presents. Never was the game of diplomacy played so skilfully, a game in which the chiefs were not unequal to the pale-face orators. Then during the Revolutionary War, Colonel Butler and his famous band of Rangers engaged in their guerilla warfare in the Province (now State) of New York and on the upper Susquehanna, and the entire Niagara shore became a relatively important route to the interior. The remains of the Butler Barracks on the Common, the God's acre of the Butler graveyard near by and a tablet to the memory of John Butler in St. Mark's Church, recall the man and his stirring times.

With the ending of the struggle between England and the Thirteen Colonies, and the final separation of motherland and colony on a new continent, came the migration of the 30 thousand



The power house of the Queenston-Chippawa Power Development near Queenston.

and United Empire Loyalists to Canada, many of whom settled in the Niagara district, preferring the paternal care of George III to that of President Washington. The descendants of these sturdy pioneers are found to-day in the yeomanry of Niagara, and many a stately homestead is redolent of the ancient days of a past century.

Pass on to 1792. A fleet of sailing vessels sails into the river and lands at a spot on the shore known as the King's Wharf. One of the pioneer craft carries another historic personage in John Graves Simcoe who, after taking the initial steps to form a Council and Executive at Kingston, has moved westward to establish a seat of government in the newly-created province of Upper Canada. Though a peaceful entry, it was a memorable one, for it led to the opening of the first legislature of the province, and the beginning of a

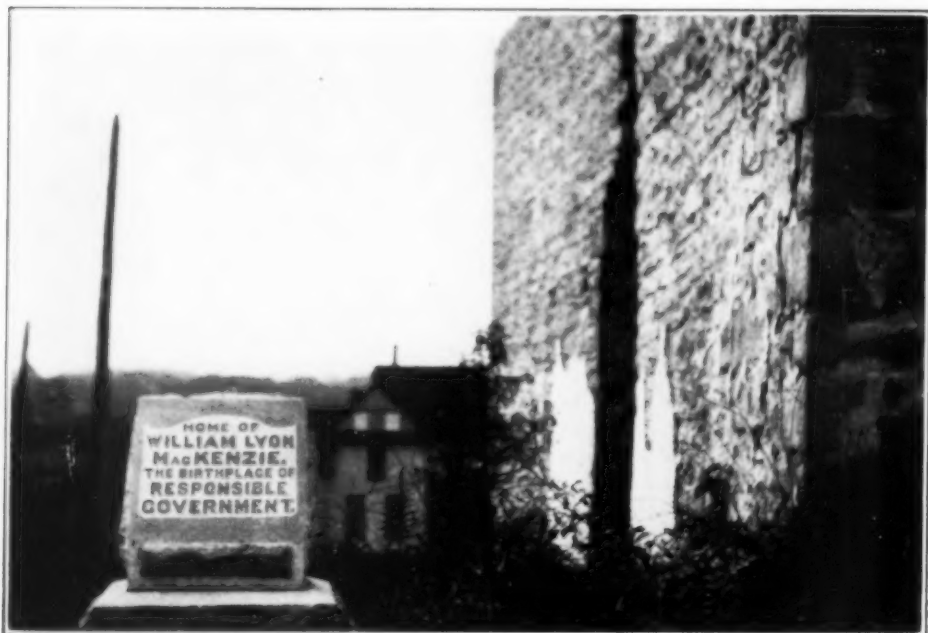


Fort Mississauga, Niagara-on-the-Lake.

new era of government. The visitor to Niagara may still see the old wooden structure known as Navy Hall, which was used by Simcoe as a residence and office and wherein the first sessions were probably held, although there are rival



Aerial view of the lower Niagara River from Queenston Heights, with Brock's monument in the foreground.



Tablet near the printing office of William Lyon Mackenzie, at Queenston.



Remaining walls of the old printing office of William Lyon Mackenzie at Queenston.

claims as to the exact place where the legislature first met. It is interesting to recall the records of the Simcoe regime in Newark, as it was then called; to picture the formal openings of the little parliament, the state functions given by the Lieutenant Governor and Mrs. Simcoe, the presence as guests of Indian chiefs and local dignitaries, and the primitive life lived by the handful of officials and settlers. It was the day of beginnings and Niagara was in every

dramatic moment it must have been and what a penetrating sound heard on that morning of October 13th, 1812, when a cannon shot from a fort at Lewiston aroused a countryside to action. Amongst the first to hear it and to respond was Sir Isaac Brock, in his headquarters at Fort George—the fortification that still stands near the Niagara bank. It is easy to visualize the scene, Brock emerging from the gateway and galloping over the river road to the source of the



Aerial view of the Whirlpool, Niagara River.

sense a town of beginnings. The lake traffic gradually grew in volume as up-river trade developed, involving the transfer of goods from Queenston to the upper Niagara, at one time by a wooden tracked railway, with horses as the pulling power, as on the early canals.

Another step forward in the calendar of time brings us to the outstanding period of Niagara and its surroundings. As in 1775, so in 1812, the alarm of war was heard along the river and amongst the quiet hamlets that dotted its banks. Niagara yet tells the story in its existing remains, its grass-covered battlefields and its series of monuments. What a

alarm, his aides following fast behind, on and on until they had passed the alert sentries at the observation points along the river. Then the landing of the American troops, the pushing forward of a smaller force to repulse the attack, the tall figure of the Commander-in-chief leading his men up the slopes of the Heights, the bullet of a sharp-shooter on the summit, and the fall and death of the one who has ever since been immortalized as the hero of Upper Canada.

No country possesses a more impressive memorial to a dead hero than the towering shaft that surmounts the crest of the Heights and overlooks the entire



Sir Isaac Brock, who fell at the battle of Queenston Heights on October 12th, 1812.

scene of this struggle of other days. A cairn marks the spot near the foot of the hill where it is supposed Brock actually fell, though his death probably

occurred higher up the slope. Remains of earthworks, built toward the end of the war, are crowded in between forest growths on the summit.

Many other reminders of Brock are to be seen, such as the Brock Memorial Church in Queenston village, containing a stained glass window and a replica of his family coat-of-arms. Cairns or boulders mark detailed points here and in Niagara town. St. Mark's Church is a favourite point of pilgrimage to thousands of 20th Century visitors; so is old Fort Mississagua facing Lake Ontario. The Historical Museum in the town contains many interesting articles, books and maps relating to the War and Brock's part therein.

Passing from memories of the period of 1812, the pilgrim to Niagara will recall the story of Laura Secord and her journey on foot, in the night, through the woods from Queenston to Decew's Falls, to warn the British force of the American plan to attack within a few hours. Whether or not her warning was the first, the story is one that Canadian children never tire of hearing. The Secord cottage still stands, in part, in



Aerial view of Niagara Falls.

Queenston, marked by a tablet, and another cottage occupied by the family once stood in the village of Chippawa, while a monument to the memory of the heroine of 1812 occupies a prominent position in the Lundy's Lane cemetery.

Much more remains to be seen of an historical character. Thirty miles away, and at the Lake Erie end of the river, stands the ruins of another fort, as well as a modern monument, where another duel of death was fought in the same war. Happily the ruins now face the great Peace Bridge, connecting two countries that have been friends for over a hundred years. An earthwork or a rusty cannon that tells of the ancient quarrel seems an anachronism to-day; their interest is only historical or sentimental; any other relationship than that of peace between these neighbouring countries is unthinkable.

But we have passed by one more tragic centre that is even more significant than Queenston or Fort Erie. For it was on the Lundy's Lane hill top that the final struggle took place in the third year of the War—a struggle that, as

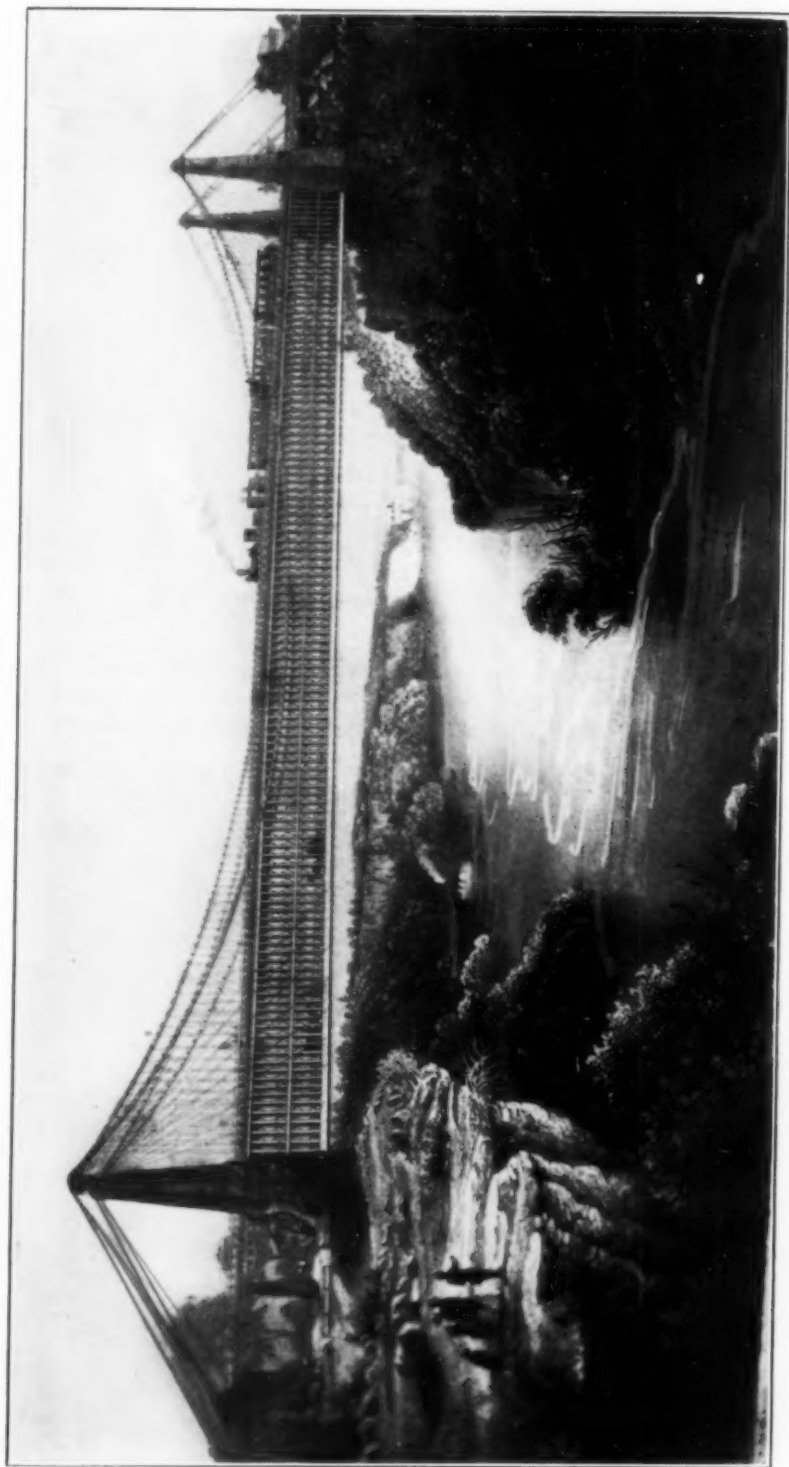


Laura Secord monument in Lundy's Lane Cemetery, Niagara Falls.

has been suggested, was as useless and unnecessary as any recorded in history, that was based upon no real difference



The upper Suspension Bridge, Niagara Falls.



The first suspension bridge across the Niagara River at Niagara Falls, Ontario.



An old sketch of Niagara-on-the-Lake, from the American side.

of opinion and that therefore settled nothing of outstanding importance other than to add certainty to the decision of the pioneers that Canada must remain British. So at Lundy's Lane, as elsewhere, epitaphs and monuments tell the story of the final battle that raged under the moonlight of a July night of 1814, leaving a field full of the dead of both armies. Every mile of the Canadian Niagara is therefore a mile replete with historical significance.

It is not necessary to dwell upon the lesser episodes, chiefly of the Rebellion of 1837, though at the time it deeply stirred the country. It centred largely in Niagara and on Navy Island in the Upper River, where William Lyon Mackenzie set up his short-lived and abortive provisional government, as Louis Riel attempted to do half a century later in the north-west. The tottering walls of Mackenzie's printing office still remain at Queenston, where the "Little Rebel" published a newspaper that served as propaganda for the later outbreak. Near the village of Ridgeway, in the county of Welland, a miniature struggle, altogether too slight to be called a battle, marked the somewhat farcical Fenian Invasion of 1866,

and with the final shot fired on that occasion the last echo of fratricidal struggle ended along the frontier.

But Niagara has other interests than historical. Few regions in Canada or on the American continent present such a scenic panorama. The seven-mile sail up the river from old Niagara to Lewiston or Queenston, and the motor ride over the picturesque river road, now a part of the Canadian boulevard system that extends along the entire length of the river, are rich in charm and attractiveness, with the green-blue waters of the stream, its tree-lined shores and scenes of rural fertility stretching back from either shore—veritable gardens of beauty.

Niagara Glen is not the least interesting spot among the scores open to visitors. Here in a secluded area is found a wealth of flora and fauna that has long attracted the nature lover and naturalist. Here may be seen the geology of Niagara revealed as in a gigantic book, and at its base the river shrinks to its narrowest boundaries and its waters pile high in mid-stream as they rush down to lose themselves in the lake. Close at hand is the Whirlpool, with its hypnotic appeal to the beholder, ever twisting



A picture of the falling of Table Rock, on the Canadian side of Niagara Falls, when an old time cab fell into the abyss while driver and team escaped.

and revolving between rushing rapids. So, too, the cataracts. One rejoices in the beauty of the Niagara Falls Park on the Canadian bank, which is a miniature Kew in its trees and plants and grassy lawns. The modern improvements and the protection of the public are in striking contrast to conditions years ago. But the magnet is the Falls. They are, in their majesty, beyond the reach of human description. Many have tried to do them justice, and perhaps none have more nearly caught their spirit than Charles Dickens who visited them in 1842:

"I saw two great white clouds rising up slowly and majestically from the depths of the earth. That was all. At length we alighted: and then for the first time, I heard the mighty rush of water, and felt the ground tremble beneath my feet. . . . When we were seated in the little ferry boat, and were crossing the swollen river immediately below

both cataracts, I began to feel what it was: but I was in a manner stunned, and unable to comprehend the vastness of the scene. It was not until I came on Table Rock, and looked—Great Heaven, on what a fall of bright-green water!—that it came upon me in its full might and majesty. Then, when I felt how near to my Creator I was standing, the first effect, and the enduring one— instant and lasting—of the tremendous spectacle, was Peace. Peace of Mind, tranquillity, calm recollection of the Dead, great thoughts of eternal Rest and Happiness: nothing of gloom or terror. Niagara was at once stamped upon my heart, an image of Beauty; to remain there, changeless and indelible, until its pulses cease to beat, forever. Oh, how the strife and trouble of daily life receded from my view and lessened in the distance, during the ten memorable days we passed on that Enchanted Ground! What voices spoke from out the thundering water; what faces, faded from the earth, looked out up on me from its gleaming depths; what Heavenly promise glistened in those angel's tears, the drops of many hues, that showered around, and twined themselves about the gorgeous arches which the changing rainbows made."

The present day illumination of the Falls is a revelation of modern electrical development, made possible by the falling waters. The playing of powerful lights of various colours on their face, the transition from white to blue or red or pink, the sweeping rays of colours across the face of the white crested floods, creates an impression that will long live in one's memory.

The huge power house at the Queenston end of the Chippawa-Queenston power canal, with its ten monster generators ever at work, is an amazing example of present day machinery and man's ingenuity in harnessing nature's power. And when we are reminded by the radiating wires of the spreading of the mysterious element for hundreds of miles over Ontario and New York state, the contrast with days of yore is made the more impressive. From the point of view of modern industry, as well as from the historical and scenic viewpoints, the Niagara frontier is full of appeal to the intelligent traveller.

Historic St. Helena

By H. WESTOBY

IN THE middle of the South Atlantic is an island with towering cliffgirt shores that seem interminable. Its interior is mountainous, and, viewed from the sea level, one sees nothing but repellent brown rocks. The Portuguese discovered the island on May 21st, 1502, and it received its name, St. Helena, from the Saint's day of its finding. In the year 1588, when Queen Bess ruled England, Sir Thomas Cavendish spent 12 days at St. Helena. He found it contained many large buildings, including a church, and he writes of the fine fig, orange, pomegranate, shaddock, and lemon trees growing there. The sizes and quality of the vegetables are also recorded with enthusiasm.

Cavendish learned that in the interior, which was seldom visited because of the extraordinary steepness of the mountains there were forests of ebony, redwood, cotton and gumwoods. He also saw great herds of swine, and flocks of goats "almost a mile long", the descendants of animals put ashore in 1502 by the discoverers.

In 1591 the first party of English merchants set sail for India, with a view to establishing a great trading company. They visited St. Helena on the return voyage in 1593, remaining 19 days, and in 1600 were incorporated as the East India Company, which, in later years, was to be the means of "making" St. Helena. Out of the East India Company grew the present-day Indian Empire. Gradually the Portuguese lost interest in St. Helena, and they finally abandoned it in 1645. Its next owners were the Dutch, who were then expanding at the Cape of Good Hope. The Dutch built a fort at the entrance to the valley, and stayed at St. Helena until 1651, when they also abandoned it.

The East India Company had long coveted the island, and took immediate steps to annex it. The company's right to it was acknowledged by charter, granted 10 years later by Charles II, which is still to be seen at Jamestown, and is dated the "tenth daie of March, 1681". The story of English administration is contained in many large books, kept in the castle at

Jamestown. These St. Helena archives have been seen by few people. They are replete with interest, and contain much that is both dramatic and historic. It would seem the Dutch quickly regretted their haste in giving up St. Helena, and made a desperate effort that was successful in recovering it. Within a year the East India Company drove out the Dutch, and, in order to strengthen their hold on the island, pulled down the Dutch fort, and erected in its place a bigger and stronger fort of masonry that was moated on the seaward side, and had a port-cullised gate. This did not deter the Dutch from once more attempting to recapture St. Helena. They assaulted it with guns and men, and were driven off only after desperate battles. As they sailed away discomfited, a

look-out spied a light ashore. A boat was sent to investigate, as nobody was known to live at the back of the island where the cliffs are from 600 to 1,200 feet high. They found a slave, fishing from some rocks. This slave was forced to lead a party ashore, and the stunned islanders, who had celebrated the defeat of their Dutch adversaries, were now told the enemy was in force at High Peak. Here a battle fought was won by the Dutch.

The Governor fled, but while on his way to Brazil fell in with a British squadron under Captain Munden. Munden determined to retake the island.



H. WESTOBY

who spent a month on the island of St. Helena, was born in Hull, England, and graduated from the Isle of Wight College. He has lived in Canada for 33 years 29 of which he has been a resident of Guelph, Ont., being at one time mayor of that city. In his travels Mr. Westoby has sought the little and unknown parts of the world.



Landing place, St. Helena. Here Napoleon, the "man of destiny," disembarked at seven on the evening of October 17th, 1815.



Fountain memorial to people killed by a fall of rocks. The main street, Jamestown, St. Helena. The spire in the background is St. James Church, built in 1784 (on the site of an old Portuguese church). The last building on the right is one occupied by Napoleon, and also by the Duke of Wellington, who called at St. Helena on his way from India.



The Moonflower adds beauty to the landscape of St. Helena. It is said that it blooms only during moonlight.

He kept his force out of sight at the back of the island, and then used slaves who knew it well, and by their aid landed a shore party, which reached the heights above Jamestown just as Munden appeared off the roadstead with his ships. The Dutch made no effort to fight, and abandoned the island. They never again molested the islanders. The fort was again enlarged, and named Fort James, after the Duke of York. Out of this Jamestown became the name of the town that was sheltered behind its walls.

The East India Company decided to open up the interior of St. Helena. At this time it had only a few straggling pathways, and as the Governor quaintly puts it, "the way is such as a man may choose whether he will break his heart going up a hill, or his neck coming down." More slaves arrived from China, India and Africa. Zig-zag roads gradually spread out in all directions, and most of the inner mountain tops became crowned with massive stone forts. In the course of time "the Gibraltar of the South

Atlantic," as St. Helena became known, made its appearance. Trade flourished. As many as 80 ships a day are recorded as being sighted from the island, and the roadstead off Jamestown was ever crowded with ships from the ends of the earth. The variety is proved by the money exchanged. What delightful visions are conjured up by such currency as pagodas, dollars, venetians, rupees, miodores, mohurs, ducatoons, johannes, guilders, guineas, and colonial pieces? Taxes were levied on all English ships at the rate of two shillings and sixpence per ton measurement, and on those going around the Cape a slave, in addition, was required to be left at the island. Anchorage in the harbour cost \$1.25 in our currency, and this applied to all nations, whilst East Indiamen were obliged to also deliver up a barrel of gunpowder. Distinguished visitors often called. These included Governors and Princes of the East, and the more familiar names of Halley (of comet fame), Dampier, Prince Rupert (the dashing



Government, or Plantation, House. It was erected by the East India Company in 1791, and stands in about 176 acres of picturesque and fertile park land, studded with oaks, cedars, Norfolk pines, Scotch firs, and a wealth of other trees. In the grounds is to be seen a tortoise that was actually alive during the captivity of Napoleon. It has been on St. Helena 160 years, and is so large it easily carries a man on its back.

cavalry leader of Charles I), Captain Cook and Colonel Wellesley (later the Duke of Wellington). It was at St. Helena that Colonel Wellesley almost lost his life by the sudden overturning of his boat in the harbour.

Great physical changes were being effected on St. Helena. Goats and pigs introduced in 1502 had run wild for more than two centuries. They ate the young trees, leaving the older ones to die of old age. Too late was the destruction noted. A wholesale shooting of the animals was decreed, but it did not restore the trees. An effort was made to reforest parts of St. Helena, but it never attained much headway, and was largely restricted to the south-western part. The Governor records that as late as 1716, the Great Wood, as Longwood and Deadwood were called, still possessed trees, but by 1724 the archives state

"the plain is now covered with fine sward, and is become the finest piece of pasture on the island". At Sandy Bay, on the opposite side, trees are recorded until 1709. To-day, much of St. Helena is a waste of rocks. Another calamity occurred. A blight, introduced, it is believed, from Europe, destroyed most of the fruit trees. No longer are the fruits mentioned by Sir Thomas Cavendish grown. Practically all fruit used comes from the Cape. So complete is the desolation that out of 47 square miles of land surface, only 11,133 acres are now classed as cultivated land, or in wood. The outer surface is brown and barren rocks, with no trees growing within half a mile of the shore. In the centre of the island is still to be seen charming and vividly-green scenery. St. Helena is an emerald centre in a copper ring. Its original bird life has almost



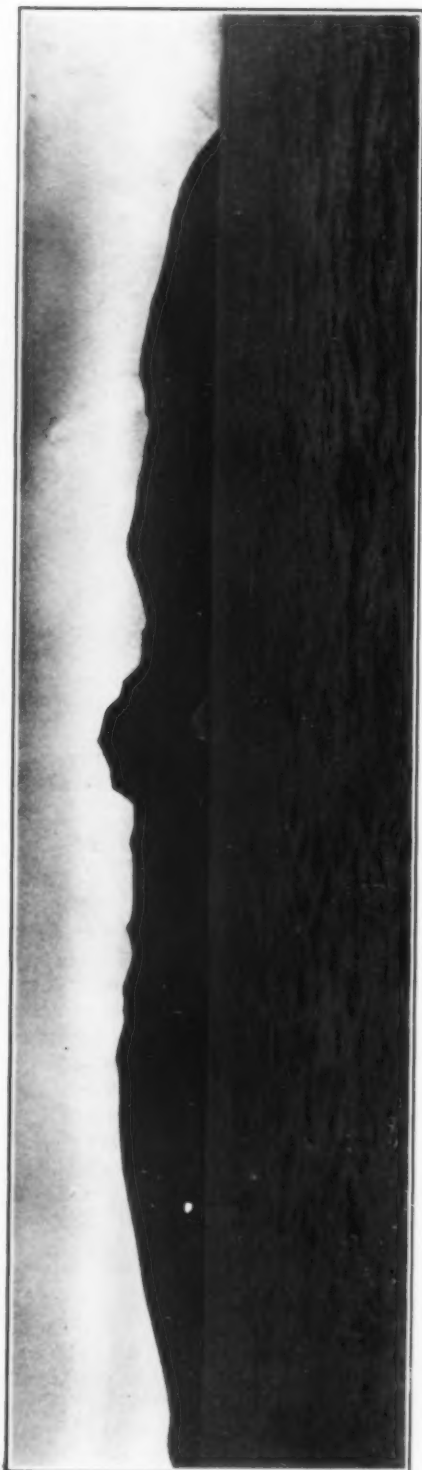
Jamestown, looking seaward. The zig-zag parapetted roads on the side lead to the heights above, which are dominated by massive stone forts.

gone. Outside of the wire-bird, a species of plover, practically all the present-day bird life comes from the outside. Bird visitors include canaries, finches, Java sparrows, doves, minors, avadavats, peacocks, pheasants, turkeys, geese, and partridges.

St. Helena is of volcanic origin. It is $10\frac{1}{2}$ miles long, by nearly seven miles wide. The island is divided into two parts by a great ridge of mountains that run from the east to the west. Diana's Peak, 2,740 feet, Cuckold's Point, 2,672 feet, Acteon 2,704, and High Peak 2,657 feet are the most noted. The strength of St. Helena lies in its inaccessible coast, and from the fact that only one harbour is safe to shipping. From the cliffs it is possible to see ships 60 miles at sea on a clear day. The capital has a population of about 1,500, and the entire island 3,500. Jamestown runs up a narrow valley, and is shut in on three sides by precipices. It is a hot place, with a rainfall of about nine inches a year. Jacob's Ladder, which contains 700 steps, and

reaches to Ladder Hill above, is 933 feet long.

The little town is lighted by oil lamps. At 10.30 they are put out, when the overhanging rocks loom up in awesome majesty. Then comes a moonlight night. What a transformation! Under the rays of the moon those frowning rocks become giant castles and Jamestown appears as a silvery thread stretching up a valley of enchantment. Life in the capital is monotonous. The few shops are little bits of the 17th and 18th centuries, and have wooden shutters, and small bay windows. The inhabitants call the cobbled sidewalks "petrified kidneys". Most of the inhabitants are the descendants of slaves, and are a curious mixture of Chinese, Hindoos, and African blacks. About 300 white people now reside there. In the hills the air is bracing and vigorous. The south-east trade winds constantly sweep the island, and often with great violence. Rain in the interior is plentiful, and amounts to an average of 55 inches per annum.



View of the island, approaching Jamestown.

St. Helena retained its importance until the opening of the Suez Canal in 1869. Thereafter its trade gradually departed, and thousands of islanders left to seek a new home in South Africa. With the withdrawal of the garrison in 1906 all hope departed, and to-day it has become one of the loneliest islands of the seven seas.

Travel is restricted to horse and carriage, or horseback. The back wheels of the carriages are locked by an iron shoe in descending, and even then the abruptly-steep roads are dangerous. Only the zig-zags that lead from the capital are parapetted. Most of the others are flanked by precipices, and in several cases it really appears as if you were slipping off the edge of the world, as you come down, so steep are the so-called roads.

To provide work for those now living there New Zealand flax has been introduced. It thrives well in the moist interior. There are six flax mills, which employ about 400 persons of both sexes. The fibre is exported to Great Britain. Lace making and fishing are the other industries.

St. Helena is a Crown Colony. The Government is administered by a Governor with the aid of an Executive Council consisting of four members, nominated by the Governor, and subject to the approval of the Secretary of State. Its revenue is \$60,000 a year, and the expenditures are \$75,000.

"Boat day" is the big event in the lives of the people. Two steamers, one going north, and the other south, generally meet at Jamestown. This happens once a month. All work is practically suspended, and an eager, joyous throng flocks into the capital. The marina is lined with open victorias, eager for a fare, and girls in white carrying baskets on their arms offer bead work, shells, and lace for sale. A few tea shops open for the great event. It is the day of days. With its close the grey outlines of the steamers fade in the distance, and once more the little island lapses into its accustomed calm.

Turning the pages of the St. Helena archives brings forth much of interest. It is curious to read that "where the Portuguese first settle they build a church, the Dutch a fort, and the English a punch-house".



Boat day, St. Helena. Only two steamers call each month, and their arrival is made a fete day by the inhabitants.



Francis Plain, a conical hill on which sport is played with difficulty. It is the only recreation field on the island.



Lot's Wife in Sandy Bay, is a monolith of hard grey stone shaped like a cone, situated on a ridge over 1,500 feet above sea level, and rising from a base 100 feet in diameter to 260 feet. "Lot" is nearby, and the two monoliths, with the "Asses Ears," are conspicuous objects in this great colored basin with its rocks of all hues.

The lot of a clergyman in 1661 brought him by way of a stipend 320 yams a month, with beef, sweet oil, lamp oil, 30 candles, together with rice, vinegar, and paddy for his fowls.

A captain in those days received \$250 a year, a lieutenant \$150, an ensign \$120, a sergeant \$60, a gunner \$120, and a private \$50.

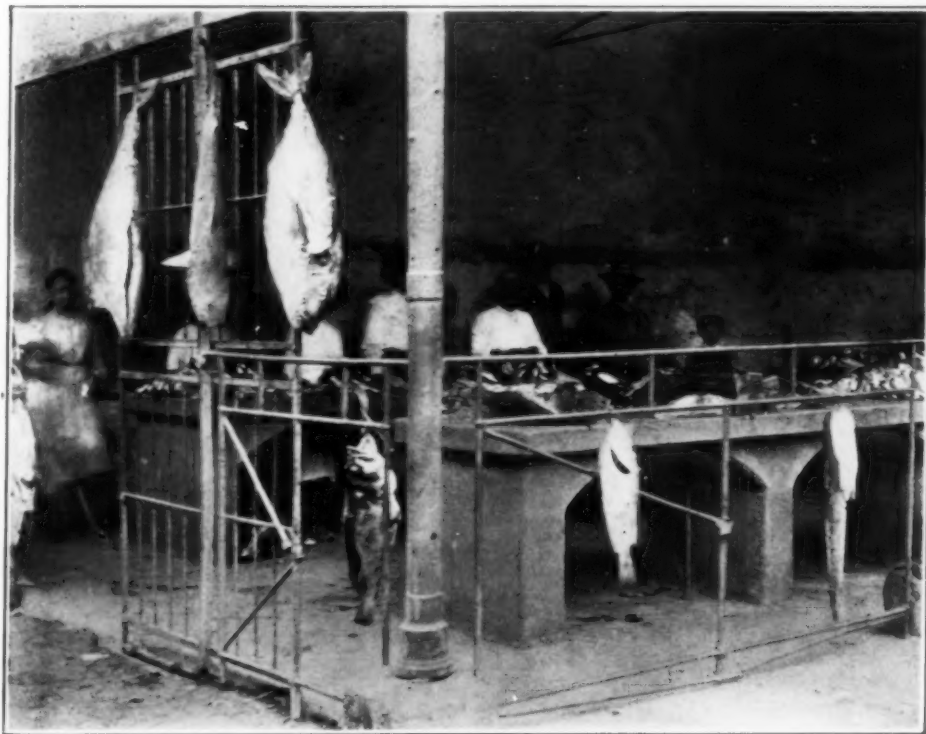
To prevent litigation no lawyers were allowed on the island, which is rather an odd side-light on social legislation.

Robbery by slaves was punished by death by burning, and the other slaves were compelled to bring a branch to add to the funeral pyre.

Purveyors of scandal were whipped with wire whips, which had fishing hooks tied to the ends.

The slaves were all given names, and appraised. They were called such names as Titus, Hannibal, Caesar, Pompey, Anthony, Drake, Tower Hill, and Cleopatra. Many are classed as "good," some "bad," several "good for a little," and a few, alas, "good for nothing." Should a slave try to escape the punishment was 75 lashes, and five drops of burning sealing wax dropped on the naked body.

For swearing, or incivility, the culprit was ordered to "ride the wooden horse



Fishmarket, Jamestown.



Stone cottages, often surrounded with prickly pear, and with window boxes filled with geraniums are numerous at St. Helena.



Jacob's Ladder, Jamestown. It is 933 feet long, and has 700 steps. Above is Signal Hill once used as an observatory, but later the instruments were transferred to Canada.

two hours with a bag of shot at each heel."

Sometimes mutinies occurred, when the ringleaders were "hanged, drawn, and quartered," or "hanged in chains alive," and even starved to death.

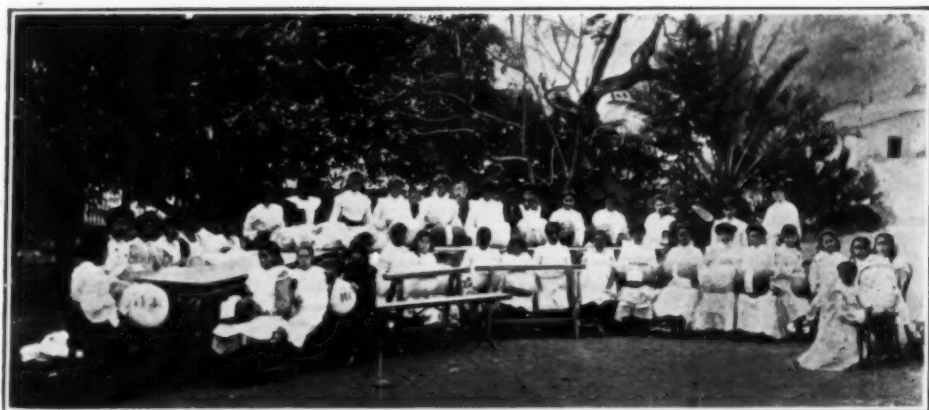
The average reader knows St. Helena mostly as a state prison. As a place of banishment its history starts in 1513 when a mutilated nobleman from Portugal was put ashore there. Many thousands have been imprisoned on the island. The most noted was the Emperor Napoleon I, who was landed at St. Helena on October 15th, 1815, and who

died there of cancer of the stomach on May 5th, 1821. Thousands of books have been written about Napoleon, and St. Helena bulks large in most of these. Unfortunately few of the authors ever saw the island, and there has been much misrepresentation about the Governor, the captivity, and the island itself. Napoleon was first lodged for a night in the room at Jamestown that Colonel Wellesley had occupied when on the island. He next stayed at the Briars, a cottage a mile inland, and lastly in a converted cowshed at Longwood, which had been enlarged for his occupancy.

Naturally the greatest precautions were taken against his escape. One may still see the miles of trenches that sur-



White marble bust of Napoleon that stands in solitary state in the death chamber at Longwood. It was made from the death-mask taken at St. Helena and is recognized with the Canova bust in the Pitti Gallery in Florence, Italy, as the only two genuine likenesses of Napoleon in existence.



Lace workers. Lace and drawn work of excellent finish are made and exported from the island.

rounded Longwood, as well as the earth-works, and the places where block houses had been erected. The entire island was placed under martial law. The captive was isolated from the rest of the community, and few saw him, other than his guards. He was ringed with soldiers, and 11 warships constantly patrolled the coast. He spent most of his time reading and writing, and at about four o'clock each afternoon was to be seen in his old green coat walking in front of his house, or seated in the verandah.

Occasionally he rode a small cape horse to the bottom of the Devil's Punch Bowl,

and here it was he found a tiny spring of water that afterwards provided him with his water supply. At his death, he was buried near the spring, and his body remained there until 1840, when it was returned to France, and placed with great pomp in the Invalides at Paris. In the room in which he died is a marble bust, made from the death-mask. It is said to be an exact likeness. It reveals a singularly strong face, with intellectual organs of a massive size.

The Prince of Wales visited St. Helena in 1925, and planted an olive tree at the former tomb of the Emperor.



Alarm Gun. This was used to warn inhabitants of the approach, or the sailing, of shipping, during the captivity of Napoleon.



The death of Napoleon. Photographed from an island print. The great conqueror died on May 5th, 1821, and breathed his last just as the sun was setting.



Longwood, where Napoleon lived and died. In 1743 a barn erected at Longwood was converted into a residence for the Lieutenant-Governor, and ultimately became the residence of the Emperor Napoleon I. The house is of stone and wood, and it had a tar-covered roof. The room in which the Emperor died is the second from the front. The house is pink in color, with green window-blinds.



Napoleon's tomb, in the "valley of silence," St. Helena. It is unnamed, and is covered by a flat slab of stone, which is periodically whitewashed. To the left is the famous willow tree above the spring of water that Napoleon discovered, and used to often drink from.

It stands opposite a weeping willow sent from France by the late Marshal Foch. The plain white slab bears no name, and there is nothing to indicate that the once mighty ruler of France rested there. The Prince told the inhabitants he was glad to set foot upon an island so well-known to students of history, "not only because it was here that were written the closing pages of a great romantic life-story—the story of

the Emperor whose mortal remains now lie on the banks of the Seine where many soldiers of France have found a resting place, but also for the fact that during the period of growth and maritime development of the Empire, St. Helena formed one of the most important links in Britain's chain of communications as an invaluable supply depot and an outpost of the East Indies."





This is Ben, the Eskimo chieftain's son, in the wolf skin parka he brought down to the Lakefield school. The photograph was taken in front of the headmaster's house. Ben, it is feared, has been since drowned in the Arctic.

Ben and Sam—Eskimo Boys

By A. O. LAMPMAN

WE of the civilized sections of the North American continent, if we think of the Eskimo at all, are inclined to picture him as just one notch above the cave man, sitting by his lonely igloo, eating raw fish under the midnight sun. I am in no position to refute the picture, as I have never been in the Arctic, but I have met two charming boys from Eskimoland, who paid our temperate zone a visit more than three years ago, when in the civilization of the white man they revelled for one hectic year, played football, took hot baths and ate apples, and then, as an inglorious climax, were packed off home to their igloos, really to save their lives.

They did not want to go home, these two Arctic children, for they had made a lot of comparisons. They compared the way they had lived in the white man's country with the way they had lived in their northern homes, and to which they were sentenced to return. They thought of this grim comparison and shivered. And, almost the last words they uttered, as they stood together, pathetic little figures on the deck of the Hudson's Bay Company icebreaker "Nascopie," as it drifted slowly from the wharf at Montreal at early dawn to turn its nose toward the Arctic Circle, were: "Baffin Lan' too code!" But I shall tell you the story of Ben and Sam and let you judge for yourselves what manner of people these Eskimos be.

Chief John Elliot, one of the wealthiest and greatest chieftains of the north, lived on Southampton Island, where he was known far and wide as a great hunter, wise law-giver and friend of the white man. Four or five years ago, according to the Venerable A. L.

Fleming, Archdeacon of the Canadian Arctic, Chief John came to him and spoke of his plans regarding his young son, Ben. Chief John had made his comparisons. In his role as a powerful chieftain he had come into contact, along a wide front, with the white man's invasion of the Arctic. He had studied

these newcomers, their ways and all the new and wonderful ideas that they had brought with them. He compared them with his own people, living as they had lived before the birth of history. Then he thought of his young son Ben, and of his future. Right there, he decided that Ben was going to have a "break," and through Ben, possibly, the salvation of his people might be wrought. Chief John and the Arctic missionary talked it over.

"My people haven't a chance," he told the Archdeacon, "unless they can learn the ways of the white man. Will you take my son, Ben, down to the white man's country when you go, and let him learn the ways of your people? Then, after a time, how long, I don't know, he will come back to his people and teach them."

The Archdeacon listened and thought this a good idea, for he, also, had a plan. He reasoned that if Ben were sent down to Canada and brought up amongst the white men, and then could be induced to return to the north again, he would be invaluable as an intermediary or sort of ambassador, in all dealings with the Eskimo. This young man would understand both sides.

A year or so later arrangements were all made. Ben, the nine-year-old son of Chief John, together with Sam Pudlutt, from Pond's Inlet, several hundred miles away, were to be sent south, sponsored



A. O. LAMPMAN

was born in Ottawa, son of Archibald Lampman, Canadian poet. He was educated at The Grove, Lakefield and Royal Military College, Kingston. He served in the Canadian Permanent Force, Canadian Forces in France, and as aircraftman in Royal Canadian Air Force after the war. Somewhat farmer, backwoodsman and seaman aboard a cargo ship in the south seas and on the Australian coast. The last five years he has been on the staff of The Toronto Daily Star.



Left to right—Ben, Dr. A. W. Mackenzie, headmaster of the school, and Sam pose for the camera shortly after the two young Eskimo boys arrived at Lakefield to delve into the mysteries of the white man's learning.

by the Hudson's Bay Company and Bishop Anderson, of Moosonee, whose missionary diocese lies to the west of Hudson Bay. Sam was to be a companion for the chieftain's son upon his adventures in the strange land far to the south. It was a midsummer's day in the Arctic in 1928 when Ben and Sam set sail upon the "Nascopie" for Montreal under the care of the Rev. F. H. Gibbs, a returning missionary. Stoic and undemonstrative, the chieftain grunted a farewell to the son with whom he was parting for the good of his people, and the Arctic mother, dry-eyed and apparently unconcerned, left her Sam to disappear into the blue of the southern horizon. There is little room for sentimentality in the grim barren lands.

Under the plan Archdeacon Fleming had in mind, nothing but the best was good enough for his young proteges. It was no mission school or charitable

organization that Ben and Sam were going to attend, but one of the best-known boarding-schools in Canada, where sons of well-to-do citizens were trained in the Golden Rule. It was about the middle of September of that year when Ben and Sam arrived at the Lakefield Preparatory School, Lakefield, Ontario, just about a hundred miles from Toronto, where they were duly handed over by the Rev. Mr. Gibbs to the headmaster, Dr. A. W. Mackenzie. Although they knew it not, Ben and Sam were making history, for they were probably the first Eskimo boys to attend a boarding-school anywhere in the world. It was shortly after their arrival that, as a friend of the school and a newspaperman, I made the acquaintance of the youngsters.

This handing over at the school was not as simple a matter as the phrase might imply. In the first place, the two



Here are Ben (left) and Sam with a group of their school mates at the Lakefield school, taken in the school quadrangle. This was the flashy pair of Eskimo that greeted me upon my second visit to the school. You will notice there appears to be a more intelligent look about Ben, a somewhat finer cast of features, but this was not apparent in their mental faculties.

boys had arrived garbed in a nondescript sartorial assortment, a blend of Eskimo and north temperate zone; in the second place, they could not speak a word of English; and, the headmaster could not speak Eskimo.

"How will I know when they are sick?" asked the headmaster of the missionary. For answer, the Rev. Mr. Gibbs gave him a slip of paper on which were written a number of English words and phrases with their Eskimo equivalent, a sort of half-minute dictionary of the more urgent and likely requirements of the two boys. It also formed a basis from which to start their education. A request from those who sponsored the experiment was that Ben and Sam should not be taught to fight. It was also asked that they should not be spoilt but treated in every way as white children. Both requests were rigorously complied with.

The first time that I set eyes upon Ben and Sam they were going to bed in one of the school dormitories. This room

was divided into about a dozen cubicles, occupied by other boys of the school. The Eskimo pair were clothed in pyjamas, and in grins that slashed their round, brown faces from ear to ear. "Goo-day . . . How are you? . . . I'm quite well!" they exclaimed simultaneously and in one breath, as they saw me, and then became convulsed with giggles.

They climbed on a bed and started jumping upon the soft springy mattress. I went over and sat down upon the edge of the bed and watched them with interest. The matron entered. She had been having a tussle with the Eskimo language. "What's this?" asked the matron, pointing to Sam's nose. "Noss," he replied, proudly. "And this?" she added, indicating his toes. "It tickles!" yelled Sam, and disappeared under the bed-clothes.

Amongst the host of strange things that Ben and Sam had encountered were hot baths. A hot bath was the first thing they had been given when they arrived at the

school, and they had revelled in it. It was during this operation that the matron met her first batch of troubles. She would dry one, and then while she was turning to the other to dry him, the first one would slip back into the warm water again like a young seal. It was found that it took two persons to give them a bath, or, more correctly, get them out of a bath.

The pair apparently enjoyed their new food, which must have been very unlike that to which they had been accustomed. The great machines of the white man, such as motor cars, aeroplanes and railway trains, were accepted by them more or less as a matter of course, but they were terrified of horses. The first horse they had seen was at Saint John's, Newfoundland, when the ship had put into the harbour there. "Oh, look at the big dog!" they had cried together in Eskimo. To them, horses were big dogs—too big, in fact.

In the class room the pair spent much of their time drawing pictures. They seemed to have a natural bent toward expressing themselves in the graphic art. Bows and arrows featured much of their artistry, with a sprinkling of igloos, seals and kyaks. One fact about the pair that seemed to impress the masters at the school, was their peculiar faculty of knowing what was wanted of them. This, at times, was almost uncanny, for, although they knew only a word or two of English at this time, they seemed to know instinctively what they were being told to do. Given an order, they obeyed it and never showed resentment.

The headmaster testified to their quickness to learn. The other boys at the school, so he said, were a big factor in teaching these youngsters. They were good to them and seemed to be just as interested in their welfare as the masters. Ben and Sam were instructed with a class of the youngest boys, but the schedule of study prescribed for them differed, of necessity, from that of their other class mates. Amongst other things, they would be given geographical magazines, over which they would pore together, discussing the pictures and very often giggling over them. Then they would be encouraged to copy the words underneath the pictures and in time learned what these meant. Magazines, in fact all

books, seemed to fascinate them. Soon they could write their own names and knew much of the alphabet.

The sport in which they took most interest was soccer, a game, so I was told, the Eskimo sometime played in the Arctic. But they were always ready to engage in any sport, providing it was interesting and, above all, amusing.

On a later visit I took them into a nearby class room, for I was curious to know what wonders the learning of the white man had wrought. They immediately became solicitous to make a display of their education. Did they know the alphabet? They certainly did. They gave a fine exhibition. But when I asked them to spell a word, such as "cat" or "car", they just took a firm grip of their pencils, stuck their red tongues firmly in their cheeks and drew the desired object in a graphic setting.

I learned that Archdeacon Fleming had visited the school a week before and had been given a rousing reception by the two boys. He had spoken to them in their own language and they had beamed with pleasure. They told him that they were happy and did not want to return to the north.

And now came the dark days. They had made fast friends of everybody with whom they had come into contact. Nobody could do enough for them. Things had been going smoothly. Their education was progressing. All obstacles had been overcome, except the one they now faced. The white man's diseases gathered them into their fold, only releasing them long enough to allow them to flee to their homes. It was just before the Christmas of last year that the first blow fell, and then with blow after blow the grim agency delivered its dread ultimatum. First came influenza; then pneumonia, from which they had barely recovered before they took measles. Tonsillitis, adenoid trouble and mastoids followed. It was pronounced by the doctors that if Ben and Sam stayed in this country any longer, they would never see their people again.

Everybody was disappointed that, after so brilliant a start in their education, these two youngsters should be forced to abandon further effort. Of course, Ben and Sam did not under-

stand the true significance of it all. They just grinned and bore it. Hearing the decision I went down to visit my young friends again.

I found Ben, the chieftain's son, in St. Joseph's hospital in Peterboro, to which he had been sent from the school, about 10 miles away, so that he would have better care. He was convalescing from a second attack of mastoids. When the nurse ushered me into the ward, I found Ben, clad in a dressing gown and pyjamas, sitting upon the edge of his bed engrossed in the comic section of a newspaper. He looked up as I entered.

"Hello, Ben", I greeted: "Remember me?"

"Yeh." The inevitable grin shone forth just as though he had no troubles at all.

"How are you feeling?"

"Ver' well, thank." His head was still bound up. He slid down from the bed to the floor and stood beside me expectantly, waiting for me to start the fun. I sat down on the edge of the bed and looked him steadily in the eye.



Sam (left) and Ben, shortly after their arrival at school, proudly attired in their first pair of pyjamas, which they wore with all the nonchalance of their white friends.



These two young "toughs" are no other than Sam (left) and Ben (looking really hard-boiled), as they were photographed on board the Hudson's Bay Company ship en route to the land of hot baths, apples and big dogs (horses).

"Ben," I said softly, "they tell me you are going home—back to Eskimoland. Are you going?"

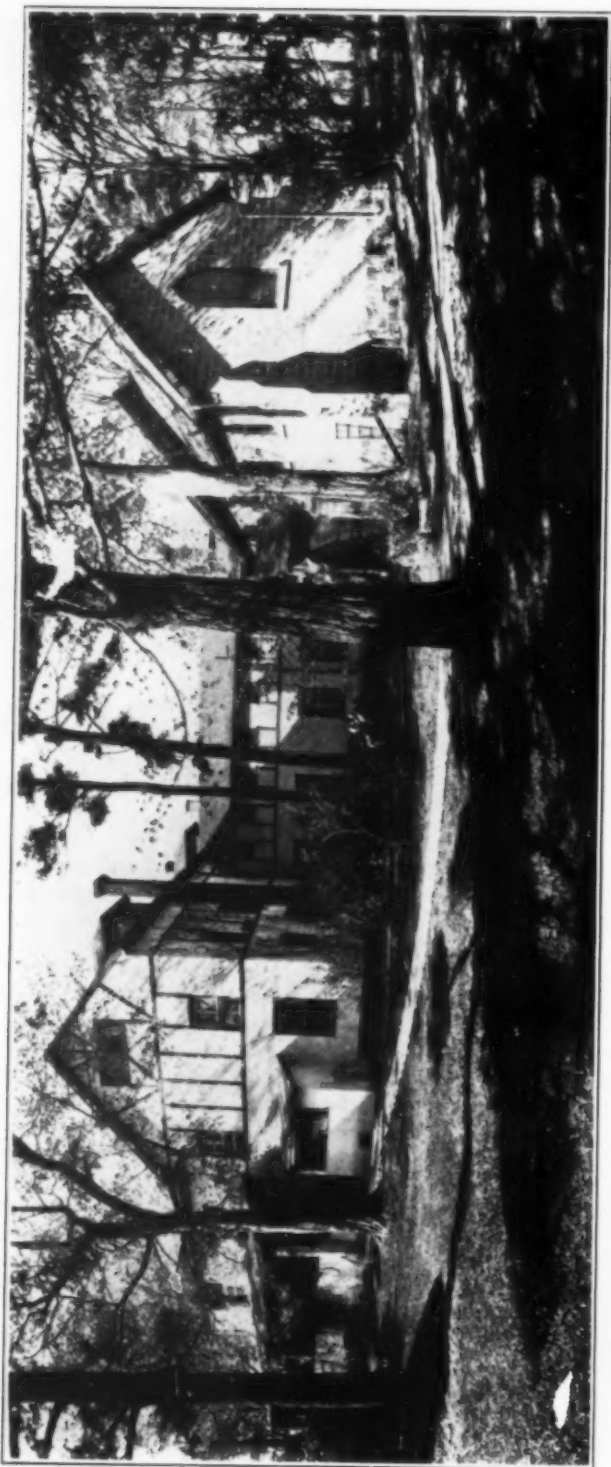
"No," replied Ben bluntly.

"Why? Don't you want to go—back home?"

"No." There was no uncertainty in his tone.

"Too code—ver' code—brrrr!" And he shivered at the recollection.

I tried to draw him out to talk of his home in the Arctic wastes, but whenever the subject of home was mentioned, the smile would disappear from the small, round, brown face, and Ben would become very solemn indeed. The fact was that Ben dreaded the thought of home, and all that it meant, after the clean sheets, hot baths and good food of his white friends. There would be no more apples, either. He and Sam had adored apples. Finally I got his interest on the subject of hunting and fishing. By nature a pantomimist, Ben instinctively resorted to gesticulation when describing



View of the Lakefield Preparatory School, Lakefield, Ontario, as seen from the south. It was here that Ben and Sam spent a whole school year grappling with the mysteries of a strange civilization, demonstrating their prowess and adaptability and making friends with all those with whom they came in contact. Extreme right, school chapel, where the pair attended service twice a day with a hundred other pupils.

things. His portrayal of his dad, the great chieftain, spearing fish through the ice in the lonely neighbourhood of Southampton Island was as good as any show.

I found Sam the same day in the reading room of the school, playing "God Save the King" with one finger on the piano.

"How do you feel?" I asked him. "Fine," he replied with a grin. "All better now?" I queried. "Yeh," said he.

The one boat a year that makes the trip to that part of the Arctic where Ben and Sam lived is the "Nascopie," a Hudson Bay icebreaker, sailing from Montreal in the middle of July. Passage was procured for the pair on the boat and they were placed in the hands of a missionary returning to the Arctic from furlough. Upon the deck stood Ben and Sam in a summer's dawn, as the boat drifted away from the wharf. Many wonderful memories were no doubt packed way back in those two small Eskimo minds and many presents they had with them upon the boat from their host of white friends. There were tears, too, in those two pair of dark eyes, for Ben and Sam, upon



Sam at his home at Lake Harbour, Baffin Island, washing a sweater sent to him by his white friends in Ontario. Sam seems to be wearing a combination of Eskimo and whiteman's garb. Note the foot wear plus white shirt.

whom the hopes of their race had been pinned in an experiment with the civilization of the white man, were fleeing for their lives back to the safety of the Arctic wastes. The experiment had failed.

From one point of view, however, according to Archdeacon Fleming, the experiment had been successful. It had shown that the Eskimo was in no way inferior to the white man. "The way Ben and Sam picked up our customs and language in such a short time was remarkable," he affirmed: "I wish whitemen could learn Eskimo as quickly as these two have picked up English."

Ben and Sam were swallowed up by the Arctic as effectually as though they had been thrown into the sea. For a whole year their friends in the south heard nothing of them, and then, one day, came a school exercise book with all its inside pages inscribed with Sam's painstaking handwriting. It was a creditable performance, even though he did have a whole year in which to do it. There came, also, indirect news of Ben, the chieftain's son, but no letter. He was helping his father to rule his tribe, the message said, and, no doubt, telling them all how they did things way down in Ontario.

Letters from Sam and Ben, although dated March 9th, 1931, came down on the icebreaker last September, and were delivered to Dr. Mackenzie at Lakefield, to whom they were addressed.

According to C. L. W. Bailey, missionary at Lake Harbour, Sam's letter was written from copy, but Sam fully understood it when he wrote. This is Sam's letter:

"Dear Mrs. and Mr. Mackenzie:

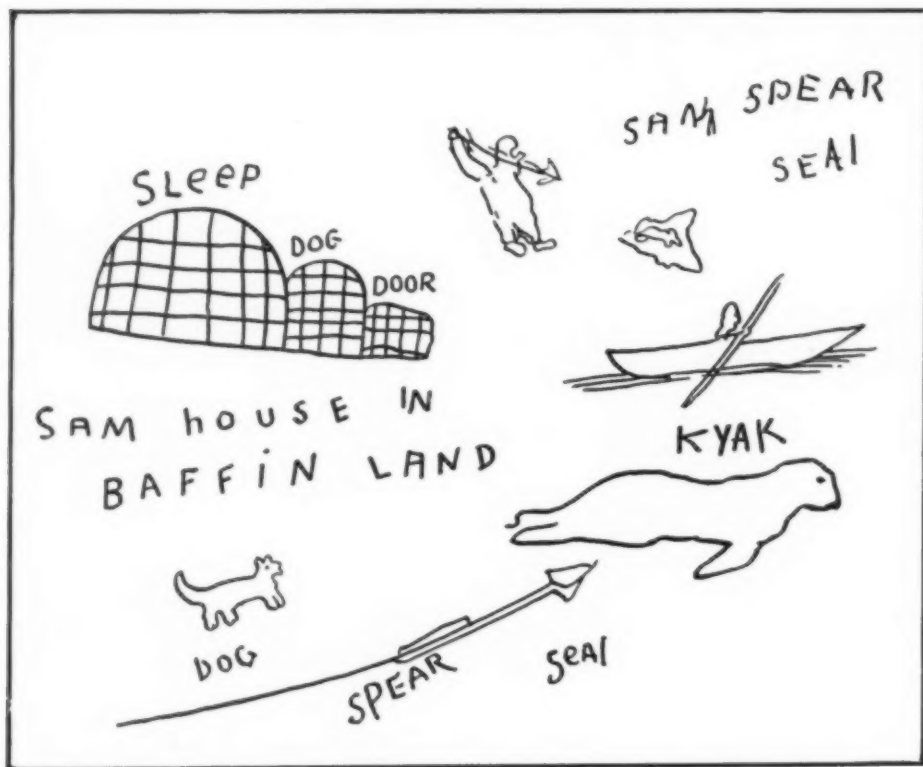
"Thank you very much for all the lovely things you sent me for Christmas.

"The sweater and cap fit me nicely. I wear the sweater on Sunday and the cap every day. (These were regulation school caps and sweaters of the school at Lakefield).

"I ate the last of the candy a few days ago. I shared it with my friends. It was good.

"Thank you for the nice paper, pencils and paints. In winter I used to paint and draw. We had great fun with the two dogs. The crackers had pretty caps inside. One was a Scottish cap.

"Last fall two boys and I used to ski down a hill on skis made of two barrel staves. Sometimes Mr. and Mrs. Bailey were with us. We had great times. To-day the Hudson Bay inspector and a



The above drawing is by Sam and a faithful reproduction of the original, no detail having been altered in any way. These were executed at a time I took Ben and Sam together in one of the class-rooms of the school to see what they had learned during their brief period of education.

policeman with an Eskimo driver have set out on a trip of at least 600 miles. There are 15 dogs in the Kommotick. Next week I go to my mother who is living about 200 miles away. An Eskimo and his wife are going from Lake Harbour to visit friends in that part of the country. The weather is good now and the days are long. We shall make an igloo at night at the camps on the way. Many Eskimo are travelling now from camp to camp visiting their relatives. Boxes have been plentiful. There were many around before Christmas.

"Yours affectionately,

"SAM."

Ben's letter was more rugged but more expressive, as became a chieftain's son: "Dear Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie:

"I come Lake Harbour. I see you perhaps by and by. I write for you last year. I like boys Lake Harbour. Yesterday we go berries. Good-bye Gibson (a boy from Hamilton who made friends

with Ben at the school). Good-bye Miss P—— (school matron). Good-bye Mrs. Mackenzie.

"BEN."

And good-bye it was, indeed for in December of 1931 word was received that Ben had gone boating from Lake Harbour with another boy, presumably to shoot ptarmigan, and that the two had not returned. It was feared that both had been drowned.

Previous experiments in bringing the Eskimo down to Canada or the United States had generally ended in the death of the visitors in the territory new to them. A party of nine Eskimo, including a nine-year-old Eskimo boy, "Minnie," were brought down by Commander Peary, north pole discoverer. Eight of this party died, leaving only the boy, who was adopted by Dr. Wallace of the Natural History Museum of New York. The boy lived in New York for nine years and was then returned to Greenland.

Tientsin, Treaty Port

By SYLVIA A. SILVER

WESTERN methods are slowly creeping into China. But the vast majorities of its people are still untouched. And in them we find still the old spirit of China—in their cheerful industry, their unquenchable sense of humour and their indifference to the blows of fate. With mild resignation they accept the devastations of drought, famine, flood, bandits, war and plague. Human life is cheap and death little to be dreaded, even though the promise of a happy future life is vague.

A good example of the spirit of China is found in the Bund coolie. He works at the docks of the Pei Ho River, handling the cargoes from the junks, barges and tramp steamers which touch at Tientsin, the Treaty Port of north China. His two main assets are a powerful physique and an ever-ready sense of humour—and he well needs both. From dawn to dark he labours like a beast of burden, carrying on his back heavy freight of all kinds. Or he draws a clumsy cart piled high with a load which seems far beyond his strength. As he pulls on the rope held over his shoulder his bare toes dig deep into the dust and his body slopes to such an angle that his forehead is close to the ground. The muscles on his half-naked body stand out with the strain, his breath comes in laboured grunts, and great drops of perspiration fall from him. Yet he is always ready to grin or even laugh outright at anything that appeals to his sense of the ludicrous. At the end of the day he is highly pleased to receive the munificent sum of 10 coppers.

With this he hurries off to the Chinese city, and at the first food vendor's stall will probably gamble for his evening chow. Handing over one of his precious coppers he selects from a box two of its flat bamboo sticks on the bottoms of

which are stamped numbers. If the combination is lucky he receives a cup of tea and a rice cake or two, amid the plaudits of the bystanders who have gathered to see the fun. If unlucky, which is more usual, he receives nothing but the crowd's sympathetic guffaws, in which he delightedly joins. If rash, or fond of playing the public buffoon, he will try once or twice more. Then he will give up and move to a more conservative stand, where he will probably purchase, in addition to his cup of tea, a bowl of fluffy rice, over which is poured a hot, spicy stew of fish. With this he will squat by the side of the road, and raising the bowl will shovel the contents into his mouth with skilful chopsticks. After his tea and cigarette he may top off with a nice juicy cucumber and munching it apple-fashion, skin and all, will set out in pursuit of pleasure.

If funds permit he will enter a Chinese theatre and sit enrapt for hours, shouting uproariously at the uncouth antics of the clowns or suffering in stony silence

with the anguish of the hero or heroine. Or, if he is a movie fan, and a film of his favourite star, Charlie Chaplin, is at a Chinese cinema he will go there and spend an evening of noisy appreciation. Perhaps in the enormity of his mirth he will fall off the straight wooden bench to the mud floor with a thud, much to the joy of the audience. Sweet vendors and tea sellers will tempt him, and the steaming luxury of towels wrung out of hot water will soar by his head on their way through the audience. And he will watch with interest his more prosperous neighbours as they mop their faces, heads and hands. After the show he looks for a place in which to crawl and sleep, until dawn rouses him to another day of toil.

Another trait in the character of the average Chinaman is his complacent



SYLVIA A. SILVER

is a Canadian who has spent a number of years in the Orient, four of which were in Tientsin.



At the railway station for the foreign concession, Tientsin. From left to right are Woo Chung, Naik Nyamet Khan, Havildar Munshi Khan, Master Silver, Mrs. Silver and Subedar-Major Miram Buksh, the senior native officer of the British Indian Infantry.

ignorance of the outside world and its customs. To a simple farmer, his first visit to the Foreign Concessions in Tientsin must be a wonderful experience. After his tiny, one-roomed hut of mud-bricks or matting, the broad, paved streets and rows of spacious, well-built houses must seem like visions of another sphere. To him the British Club, the Church, and Gordon Hall will appear like magnificent palaces whose height will offend the spirits. His glimpse through the iron railings of the Public Gardens at the groups of white-clad Amahs and their fair-skinned, oddly-clothed charges, will puzzle and amuse him. The strange, large shops on

Victoria Road will fill him with wonder, and the gleaming motor cars will astound him. He will be hustled and hustled to the safety of the sidewalk by rough, loud-voiced policemen.

At these same policemen he will gaze open-mouthed as in each Concession they change in looks and dress. In the British Concession the huge, bearded, dark-turbaned Sikhs, and in the French the tiny Tonquinese with their tasselled hats and blackened teeth, will be a joyful bewilderment to him. The other foreigners, with their queer faces and clothes,—particularly the women with their high heels and astonishing headgear,—will fill him with mirthful



Sketch map showing Tientsin in its relation to other important points in China, as well as to Japan, Korea and Manchuria.

disdain. And if he passes an occupied tennis court, or if he has the courage to creep close to the Skating Rink (if it be winter) and gaze through a chink in the matting walls, he will return to his village thoroughly convinced that the foreigner, though clever in some ways, is quite mad.

The Concessions at Tientsin, each with its own police and military garrison, make a safe refuge for the Peking officials who retire after a lucrative term of office. Here they build big establishments, usually in the foreign style but surrounded by high walls and guarded by their own private police. Behind such a wall lived one old official in a vast, hotel-like edifice said to house 80 women—chiefly secondary wives or concubines. The fashion of concubines is, however, slowly dying out, being one of the first of the evils against which the modern youth of China is fighting.

It was to the safety of the Tientsin Concessions that Hsuan Tung, the "Boy

Emperor", retired and took up residence in 1925, when expelled from the Forbidden City in Peking by General Feng Yu Hsiang. Though Hsuan Tung abdicated the throne in 1912 when Yuan Shi Kai placed himself in power, he has recently given up his peaceful private life and plunged again into the troubled sea of officialdom, as head of the new Japanese-controlled state of Manchukuo—the old Manchuria. And already revolts and the possibility of assassination surround him.

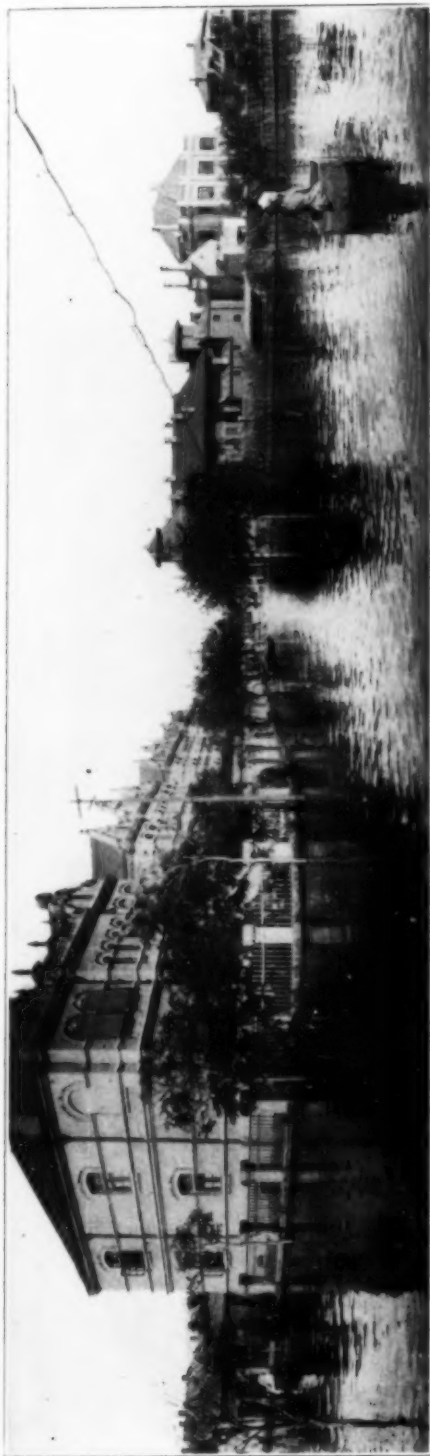
To the north of the Concessions lies the Chinese city with its crowded two millions. Here, though a slight foreign influence is beginning to be felt, the old customs are carried on as they have been for centuries. With the exception of a few main roads the streets are narrow and congested, and the old paving stones worn into deep ruts. The main shopping district is divided into sections, each of which deals in its own commodities—silks, lanterns, embroidery,



British concession, Tientsin, during one of the frequent floods which inundate the province of Chili. At such times dykes are built around the concessions and, in addition to pumps, thousands of coolies stand along the dykes and, slowly but surely, bale out the water with wicker baskets slung on ropes.



One of the main roads through the Chinese city, whose population is 2,000,000. After several months of the enforced use of boats, the waters are receding and foot traffic is resumed. The old sampan man in the foreground has probably made a very good thing out of the floods.



A residential street in the flooded British Concession, Tientsin. For the use of the foreigners many sampans were imported. But these not proving sufficient, other means of conveyance were utilized, including garden-gates, washboilers and tin bathtubs. Note the two scyops in the water tank on the right.



The British Concession, Tientsin, in flood time. A view through the gates of one of the many submerged gardens, where the profusion of flowers could be dimly seen, far below the water. The homes are of the type occupied by wealthy westernized Chinese.



The Tientsin Chinese city in flood time. In some sections the water was 12 feet deep. Here we see two little Chinese ladies of modern trend taking an airing on their home-made raft outside the courtyard gates of their home. Note the different trouser styles.

scrolls and so on. The streets are full of pedestrians in long coats of the every-day black or grey, or the blue denim of the lower classes. Squatting by the side of the road or moving about, crying-up trade, are the street hawkers with shoes, live pets, soup, dried fish, and choice locusts fried deep brown with legs angular and crisp. Here also are to be found the street barbers, leeches and public scribes. Ragged beggars accost the passerby. Fat, dark-eyed children, dressed as small copies of their elders, get underfoot playing with their kites and marbles. Sinister-looking priests, and scholars with horn-rimmed spectacles, wander by. Little old ladies with tiny, bound feet totter along, leaning on the extended forearms of respectfully attentive sons or grandsons. Drab coolies shuffle through the press at a jogtrot, carrying across their shoulders long bamboo poles from the ends of which are suspended wicker baskets or old oil tins.

Laden rickshas slip skilfully through openings in the traffic, their panting

coolies shouting "Hai! Hai!" Wheelbarrows with passengers sitting back to back, rumble through the press, perhaps at an especially deep rut spilling the occupants. Peevish two-humped camels undulate by on spongy feet. "Within-ones" (women of the upper class) bump along on hooded, two-wheeled carts drawn by mules, or are carried in covered sedan chairs on the shoulders of coolies. The wealthy women drive in their private carriages—shuttered, springless broughams with several attendants on the box and one standing behind to jump down and lead the fat white ponies around the corners.

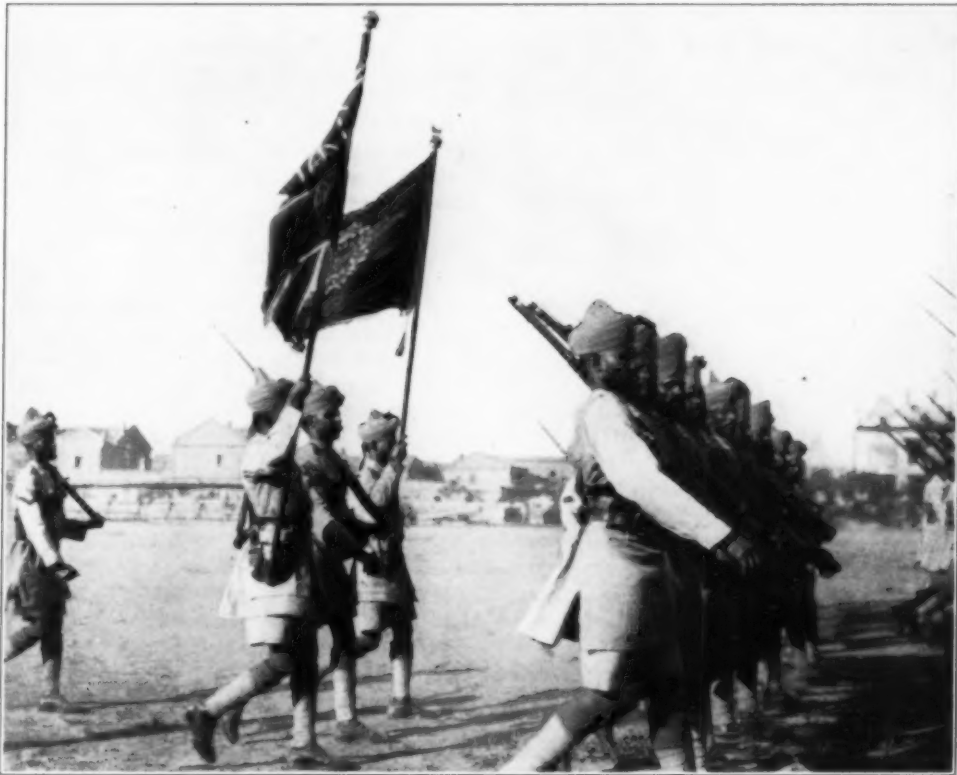
Contrary to general belief the Chinese are very fond of pets. Spoiled dogs and complacent sleek cats may be seen in many of the more prosperous homes. The well-to-do merchant is particularly devoted to his singing bird, and takes great pride in its prowess as demonstrated in song contests. He gives it the best of care and will often take it to work with him. On pleasant, sunny days he

takes it for a walk. He holds the short stick to which it is tethered, and from this it flutters about catching insects in the air. If he sees a particularly succulent fly he places the bird within range and waits indulgently while it swoops and gobbles. He addresses remarks to it, to which it replies with cheeps and twitters. And he beams fondly at praise of his pet.

The peace-loving Chinaman is not much of a fighter. But one thing which rouses him to battle is the dreaded menace of fire. In the bigger towns and cities like Tientsin this can be a terrible thing. In spite of its scarcity wood plays an important part in the construction of buildings. The many pillars and ornate lattices of that material make good fuel for the flames. And the crowded shops with their wooden upper stories and balconies can be a rapidly-spreading trap of destruction and death.

But before the flames have gained much headway the fire brigade arrives, on foot, at the jogtrot. First come the buglers blowing raucously, and the flagbearers waving their red squares of calico mounted on long bamboo poles. Then, drawn by hand, comes a clumsy, springless cart, containing a shaky wooden pump. Behind this, squeaking and bumping, trail more carts, on each of which is mounted a rough boxlike structure. These are hung about with wooden buckets and old oil tins, and are filled with water, and owing to the danger of spilling the precious fluid must follow more slowly.

The hand pump is attached to the nearest water source and busies itself keeping the carts filled. The bucket brigade starts operations, using the carts as a base. The flagbearers station themselves along the outskirts of the fire to define its limits, at night lanterns



A march past. The colours of the British Indian Infantry on garrison duty in Tientsin, passing the saluting post at the recreation grounds in the British Concession. The men are Rajputs—Mohammedans from the plains of the Eastern Punjaub.



A Chinese Amah makes an ideal nurse for small children. She is intelligent, well-trained, and faithful. She usually becomes so deeply attached to "my babee" that to part with it is a real heart-break. This amah is a "Flower-foot."

being substituted for the flags. A dense crowd gathers. The bucket men rush in and out and clamber to and from the balconies with great zeal and courage. They keep up a torrent of guttural shouts and excited chattering in which they are joined by the crowd. The bugles blow shrilly at intervals. Chinese policemen bustle about disciplining the mob, and striving to be heard above the clamour. A fire in China is a very animated and noisy affair, much enjoyed by the populace.

Another thing in which the street crowds delight is a good hot quarrel; the noisier, the better. They will flock

around the two contestants, blocking the traffic and listening eagerly with pleased grins which increase in ratio with the intensity of the battle. The voices of the combatants grow more guttural and rapid, then rise suddenly to the hoarse screams which preface the face slapping climax. When the women break out into public warfare an even more delighted crowd gathers to urge them on. The voices of the two women grow higher and shriller until finally, amid the guffaws of the onlookers, the face-scratching and hair-pulling begins.

But such fun is soon broken up by an ever-watchful Chinese policeman. In his great felt boots he pushes through the crowd, striking right and left with his baton. He separates the contestants and sends them off in opposite directions, then roughly disperses the crowd, who depart reluctantly still chuckling over the sport.

Another interruption of the traffic is, in contrast to the above, a contest in politeness. Two friends of the better class, in long silk coats and black skull caps, meet in the centre of a narrow crowded street. They exclaim polite greetings and the bowing match begins. Each places his hands into the opposite sleeves of his coat. One bows from the waist. The other bows from the waist. The first bows again. The second replies. Neither wishes to be the first to stop. In so doing he would acknowledge himself to be the superior—which would be impolite. This goes on for some time while the traffic waits patiently. Finally, one, probably the elder, gives in, and with a self-deprecating wave of the hand concedes the other's inferiority. They stroll on chatting and traffic resumes.

The Chinese love all children and, just as dwellers in the western world, they are devoted to their own. The idea that girl children are universally despised in China seems to be a fallacy. The boys are prized and are strictly brought up. But with girls this vigilance is often relaxed and many a doting father is tyrannized over by his small daughters.

Plum Blossom was the daughter of a middleclass shopkeeper, Wing Soo, whose broad fat face beamed with kindness. She was his youngest and the joy of his

life. He could deny her nothing and she bullied and cajoled from him most of his money. She was slim, round, and comely, with snapping black eyes and thickly powdered face, and a round patch of rouge on each plump cheek. Though not westernized she had many modern ideas. Her feet were unbound and her satin brocade suits of vivid pink, green, or scarlet, with their short tight coats and scanty trousers revealed her lissom figure, much to old-fashioned Soo's helpless disapproval.

Her sleek black pigtail was braided with scarlet silk thread to indicate her father's willingness to consider a prospective son-in-law. But Blossom had plans of her own, and one morning she was missing. In the modern style she had chosen her own husband. But, as he was already married, she had reverted to the old custom she despised and had become a secondary wife.

Though the lower classes in China still follow the old customs, an increasing portion of the upper and well-to-do are adopting modern ways. The young people of both sexes are being educated by western methods, and return from colleges in the United States or England full of new ideas and a great urge to implant them in their conservative country. A certain Tientsin mandarin, wealthy, aristocratic, and extremely old-fashioned, had the disturbance of receiving his youngest and favorite grandson back after a year at an American University. Wishing to do the boy honour he suggested a grand reception and feast for men. But the youth would not hear of anything so moss-grown and dull. His wish was for a big ball in the most up-to-date fashion possible. Finally the doting mandarin gave way and set about preparations.

The greatest obstacle to be overcome (beyond the acceptance of the innovation) was the lack of a ballroom. However, nothing daunted, he had the large central courtyard of his Chinese mansion roofed over, and a polished dancing floor put down. He engaged an American Jazz orchestra and a French caterer, and invited all the foreign society of Tientsin.

When the time came, his beautiful, stately home, with its rich rugs, exquisitely carved black-wood furniture, and embroidered screens, was thrown



An unusually presentable member of the Beggars' Guild, the majority of whom are repulsively ragged, filthy, deformed and diseased. Many of them are lepers and used by the Guild to enforce, by a dogging method of blackmail, the payment of expected doles.

open to them. Tall and distinguished in his elaborate robes he stood to receive them. He knew no English, but his gracious, courtly manners and kindly smile were more than sufficient to make them feel at home. Beside him, in rich Chinese clothes, stood his wife and daughters, very shy but intensely interested.



Going off to the country for a picnic. The small boys take noisy charge of the donkeys. The two Chinese at the right are sedan chair bearers and are typical of the northern coolie. Tall and powerful, their endurance and good humour seem endless.



A railway station on the Peiping-Mukden line which runs through Tientsin. It is built in the Chinese style of architecture with richly painted woodwork and intricate trellises. The elaborate roofs are tiled in many vivid colours and adorned with the usual pottery gargoyles.



The Pai'tza is used for the winter conveyance of freight or passengers on the frozen rivers and canals of North China. A favourite sport with the foreigner in Tientsin is Pai'tza racing on the Pei Ho River. The coolies thoroughly enjoy the fun as well as the "cumsha" they receive.



The winters of North China, although bringing little snow, are keen enough to provide three months of natural ice for skating, and hockey is a popular sport. Here are shown the teams of the Tientsin Ice Hockey Club and the American Marine Corps—intense though friendly rivals.



The shaggy Bactrian camels which are used in the caravans of North China, Mongolia and the great Gobi Desert. Their heavy coats give them much-needed protection against the bitter cold and the piercing sand-laden winds of the winter.

Out on the floor the grandson, in immaculate evening suit and equipped with the newest American slang, spun vivaciously in the latest fox-trots and one-steps with his foreign guests and the few westernized Chinese ladies in low evening gowns. As the Mandarin stood at the side of the ballroom and gazed at his sprightly descendant, his kindly old eyes held a mixture of pride and shocked bewilderment.

The wealthy are only a small minority. The bulk of the people lives in what we would consider stark poverty. But they expect little and get the most enjoyment possible out of what they have. Amongst the lower classes, with their universal blue denim clothing, the utmost frugality is practised. No garment is discarded, particularly a wadded winter coat, if

there is the smallest hope of its being mended. As all clothing is cut on a straight line, including the armholes, this is a simple matter, and merely consists of a square patch of new material being stitched over the worn place. The varying degrees of colour, according to the ages of the additions, gives an oddly chequered effect. In time the original coat is practically replaced, suggesting the old story of the knife boasting "six new blades and seven new handles."

Western methods will, no doubt, bring many improvements to China. But the question is whether they will bring more happiness to the masses, with their patient hard work, their universal good humour and their cheerful acceptance of their lot in life.

INDEX FOR VOLUME IV, JANUARY-JUNE, 1932

The index for Volume IV, January to June 1932, is now ready, and will be mailed to members upon application to the Publication Office, 610 LaGauchetière Street, West, Montreal.

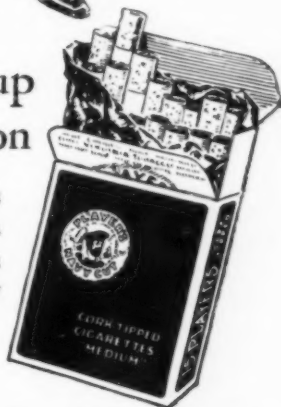


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❖ Editor's Note Book ❖

The attitude of the voyageur to his chief, his bourgeois as he called him, was a curious mixture of respect and familiarity, obedience and independence. Ross Cox tells this story of one of the partners of the North West Company named Shaw, who had spent many years in the western fur trade, where he was affectionately known to the voyageurs as "Monsieur Le Chat." After retiring to Montreal he married and had several children. Some years after he had retired, one of his old canoe-men, named Louis La Liberté, came down to Montreal to spend the winter. He had heard of his old bourgeois' marriage, and was anxious to see him. Mr. Shaw was walking on the Champ de Mars with a couple of officers, when La Liberté spied him. He immediately ran up and seizing him by both hands, cried out: "Ah, mon cher Monsieur le Chat, comment vous portez vous?" "Tres bien, Louison." "Et comment se porte Madame la Chatte?" "Bien, bien, Louison; elle est tres bien." Conscious of the amused glances of his fashionable friends, Mr. Shaw was beginning to feel annoyed; and when the irrepressible Louison continued, "Et tous les petits Chatons?" he lost patience and, answering shortly that kittens and all were well, turned abruptly away, leaving poor La Liberté astonished and hurt at the abruptness of his departure.

* * *

La Liberté, although only a voyageur, had three beautiful half-breed daughters, each of whom had married a partner of the North West Company. He therefore felt himself to be a man of consequence, and, indignant at Mr. Shaw's supposed cavalier treatment, adopted an eccentric way of showing his resentment. He ordered a coat to be made of fine green cloth, with silver buttons, a waistcoat of crimson velvet, back and front, with cornelian buttons, braided sky-blue pantaloons, Hessian boots with gold tassels and silver heels, a hat, feathers, and a silk sash; and, thus accoutred, with a long pipe in his right hand, and a splendidly ornamented Indian smoking-bag in this left, he proceeded to the

Champ de Mars, during a regimental parade, and observing Mr. Shaw walking in company with some ladies and gentlemen, stalked up to him and cried: "Ha, ha, Monsier le Chat, voyez ma veste, voila les boutons! En avez-vous de meme? Ha, ha, Monsieur le Chat regardez mes bottes—je suis ferre d'argent. Je suis le beau-pere de Monsieur M'Dinnill; Monsieur Mackenzie est mon gendre; et je me sacre de tout les Chats, et de toutes les Chattes!"

* * *

Arthur Philemon Coleman, professor emeritus of geology in the University of Toronto, and Honorary President of the Canadian Geographical Society, has been awarded the Victoria Medal of the Royal Geographical Society in recognition of his extensive and valuable contributions to the geography and geology of Canada.

* * *

The Royal Geographical Society has also awarded the Back Grant, named after Sir George Back, one of the outstanding explorers of Northern Canada, to Hugh Clutterbuck, leader of last year's Oxford Expedition. It will be remembered that one of the members of this party, Christopher J. D'Aeth, died of exposure on Akpatok Island, in Ungava Bay.

* * *

Under the auspices of the Canadian Geographical Society, Mr. Richard Finnie, of the Department of the Interior, made the first public showing of his motion pictures of the Western Canadian Arctic, in the Lecture Hall of the National Museum in Ottawa, on the evening of March 14th. These motion pictures are an exceedingly interesting record of 13 months in the Arctic in 1930-1931. They cover a motor-schooner trip down the Lower Mackenzie, a cruise easterly among the Arctic Islands, and the memorable aeroplane flight with Major L. T. Burwash to the Magnetic Pole in search of relics of the Franklin Expedition; and they also present a unique picture of the winter life of the Coppermine Eskimo.

Guard your EYES



It is good fun, occasionally, to play "Blindman's Buff" with the young people. But it would be a tragedy to have permanently unseeing eyes.

ACCORDING to the figures of the Dominion Bureau of Statistics and the National Society for the Prevention of Blindness, it is estimated that over 120,000 persons in Canada and the United States are blind, and that more than half of them need not have lost their sight.

Have you had your eyes examined within the past three years? You may be unduly straining them at this very moment. Only an eyesight specialist can tell you whether or not it is wise to use your eyes in their present condition.

Whenever cases of severe, recurring headache, nervous exhaustion, hysteria, insomnia, giddiness or other similar conditions do not respond to medical treatment, the eyes should be carefully examined.

Defective vision will not improve with the passing of time. If neglected, or if the wrong treatment is given, disastrous results may follow. But a mere imperfection

in vision is not the most serious thing that can happen to your eyes.

There are damaging eye diseases which, if untreated, eventually lead to blindness. For instance, glaucoma is one of the most insidious eye diseases. It can be present and yet give little indication, at first, of its threat to your sight. Recognized early, it lends itself favorably to treatment. It is, therefore, always advisable for a person more than 45 years old to have periodic examination of the eyes by an expert.

Don't take chances with your vision or with that of members of your family. Make sure that children's eyes are watched and protected. Many cities now make provision for eye tests in schools.

Remember that it is always difficult to restore sight that has been seriously impaired. Safety lies in consulting an eyesight specialist regularly, even though one's eyes seem to be normal. The majority of defects can be rectified and the eyesight corrected so as to give satisfactory service.

Don't read with the light shining into your eyes.

Don't read when recovering from serious illness—without your Doctor's consent.

Don't read when lying down unless your head and shoulders are propped up and the page is held at right angles to your line of vision.

Don't use public towels and be careful about rubbing eyes with fingers. Dangerous infection may follow.

Don't hold your work or book nearer the eyes than 12 inches.

Don't fail to visit an eyesight specialist at the SLIGHTEST SIGN of eye trouble.

Don't use eye-washes, ointments, salves or other remedies unless advised by an eyesight specialist.

Don't wear glasses not prescribed by an eyesight specialist.

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✠ Amongst the New Books ✠

ORDERS AND ENQUIRIES ABOUT BOOKS RECEIVED HERE SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE BOOK PUBLISHERS

Freshwater. By George A. Cuthbertson.
Toronto: The Macmillan Company.
1931. \$6.

Unquestionably the ideal way to make a book is to find a man who has the necessary facts, knows how to weave them into a readable narrative, and can at the same time draw or paint his own illustrations. Such a combination rarely happens, but fortunately it did in the present case. Mr. Cuthbertson is both author and illustrator, and in both capacities his work deserves commendation. He has written a history of the Great Lakes and of the ships that have navigated their waters, from the canoes of explorers and fur-traders and La Salle's "Griffon", through the days of the sailing ship, in commerce and war, down to the gigantic steam freighters of to-day, and on the whole has moulded it into a story that is both interesting and convincing.

* * *

The Book of the Sailing Ship. By Stanley Rogers. Toronto: Clarke, Irwin & Company. 1931. \$2.

Another book for boys, young and old, who feel the appeal of the sea. Mr. Rogers writes well and with authority; also he illustrates his own books both in colour and black-and-white. Here he has much to say of ships old and new, ships large and small and of every rig, Greek ships, Viking ships, galleons of Spain, Chinese junks, catamarans, East Indiamen, the clipper ships of Nova Scotia and New England, searovers, modern windjammers, whalers, treasure ships, and of such other matters as the building of a sailing ship, its crew, shipwrecks and seawords, how our great-grandparents used to travel, famous shipwrecks, and what not. Altogether a fascinating book.

* * *

A Bachelor Abroad. By Evelyn Waugh. Toronto: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. 1930. \$2.50.

In this entertaining narrative of a rambling journey about the Mediterranean Mr. Waugh takes us with him to some comparatively well-known and

some little-known places, Monte Carlo, Naples, Messina, Catania, Haifa, Nazareth, Port Said, Cairo, Helwan, Malta, Crete, Constantinople, Athens, Corfu, Venice, Ragusa, Cattaro, Barcelona, Algiers, Malaga, Gibraltar, Seville and Lisbon. Mr. Waugh wields a clever, one is almost inclined to say too clever a pen. He belongs to the younger school of English writers who are very contemptuous of the Philistines, and who put their own interpretation upon Philistinism. Nevertheless one cannot help chuckling over such comments as this on Gaudi's Church of the Holy Family at Barcelona, "I feel it would be a graceful action on the part of someone who was a little wrong in the head to pay for its completion".

* * *

The Land of Troy and Tarsus. By J. E. Wetherell. Toronto: Upper Canada Tract Society. 1931.

The author, a Canadian who already had several books to his credit, has in these Chronicles of Asia Minor done an admirable piece of work. He tells, in simple, graphic language, the dramatic story of Anatolia, from Subbuliuma the Hittite to Mustapha Kemal, first president of the Republic of Turkey. And, curiously enough, although this story covers a period of more than 33 centuries, it has no suggestion of sketchiness. Mr. Wetherell has been able to combine scholarship with popularity. The illustrations are good, though one would perhaps prefer to have kept one's illusions of Cleopatra.

* * *

London. By George H. Cunningham. Toronto: J. M. Dent & Son. 1931. \$3.

Any one who has wandered about London, or hopes to do so, will find this monumental work of Mr. Cunningham of inestimable interest and value. It is really, in a convenient form, an encyclopaedia of London, packed with information as to the history and traditions and literary and other associations of the streets and public buildings and houses of that vast and ancient city. In

an introduction, Mr. Cunningham tells us something about the streets of the town in Roman and Saxon times, under the Danes and the Normans, first attempts at paving, the introduction of coaches, the beginning of a water supply, primitive drainage, lighting, police, and so forth. This is one of those books of reference that one can browse through at odd times and always find something new and entertaining.

* * *

Charles des Champs de Boishebert. By J. Clarence Webster. Privately Printed 1931.

Dr. Webster is doing praiseworthy work in bringing together from sometimes very scattered sources all the available information about men who helped to make the history of Acadia. In his latest pamphlet he tells the story of Boishebert, who, among other things, built a fort at the mouth of the St. John in 1754, carried on guerilla warfare against the English, served at Louisbourg and afterwards at Quebec. Not the least of his services to New France was his care for the destitute and unfortunate Acadians.

* * *

A Wayfarer in Central Germany. By Malcolm Letts. London: Methuen & Company. 1931. 7/6.

A handbook of Central Germany, whose special merit it is that we are taken off the beaten track and told much that is interesting about towns and villages, mountain trails and valleys that are none the less attractive because

they are comparatively unknown. As we journey we learn something of Hamelin and the Pied Piper, Bodenwerder where Baron Munchausen actually lived, Friedensaal where the Peace of Westphalia was signed, Hoxter where von Fallersleben wrote "Deutschland uber alles" Gottingen, whose famous university was founded by George II, and counted Coleridge as a student, when Words-

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worth was living at the neighbouring town of Goslar, the Brocken which Goethe made the scene of the witches' frenzy in Faust, Ruhla, a curious old town famous for its Meerschaum pipes, and so forth.

* * *

The Story of Grand Portage. By John B. Arnold. *Grand Portage.* By Solon J. Buck. *Grand Portage.* By Lawrence J. Burpee.

Interest is lent to these three pamphlets by the recent celebration at Grand Portage of the one 100th anniversary of its discovery by La Verendrye. Grand Portage was for many years the western headquarters of the fur trade and from the point of view of exploration the jumping-off place for the west.

* * *

Everyman's Encyclopaedia. Vols. 5 and 6. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons. \$1.75 each.

The excellent quality of this new edition of Everyman's Encyclopaedia is maintained in the 5th and 6th volumes. One may check its accuracy and ade-

quacy in such articles as Sir Francis Drake, Dublin and Dover, East Africa, Egypt, England and the English, Estonia, Europe, the Eskimo, Finland, France, Germany, Geography, Greece, Sir John Franklin, the Fraser River and Franz Josef Land. For all ordinary purposes this is a sufficient work of general reference, and has the advantage of taking very little space on one's shelves.

* * *

The Pacific. By Stanley Rogers. London: George G. Harrap & Co. 1931. 7/6.

This is a companion volume to Mr. Rogers' "The Atlantic", and like that entertaining volume is illustrated most charmingly with the author's own sketches in colour and black-and-white. Mr. Rogers, out of his abundant experience and reading, tells the story of the Pacific, its famous navigators and privateers, its romantic islands, its merchant shipping, its shipwrecks, its literature and language, and its manifold adventures. He does not pretend to have dealt exhaustively with his subject. His has been the role of a bird of passage, "one who is content to skim lightly over the seas—tarrying here and there for a while and passing on". That role he has proved that he can fill exceedingly well.

* * *

Historic Forts and Trading Posts. Compiled by Ernest Voorhis. Ottawa: Department of the Interior. 1930.

Such an attempt to bring together an annotated list of the many military forts and trading posts of the French and British periods in Canada inevitably cannot be free from error. The result is nevertheless a very useful compilation, and reflects credit both upon the scholarly and industrious editor and also upon the National Development Bureau of the Department of the Interior, which is responsible for its publication in mimeographed form.

* * *

Canada—1932. Ottawa: Dominion Bureau of Statistics. 1932.

From the point of view of economic geography, as well as in many other ways, this little handbook is indispensable.

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As one of its major activities in carrying out its purpose the Society publishes this monthly magazine, Canadian Geographical Journal, which is devoted to every phase of geography—historical, physical, and economic—first of Canada, then of the British Empire and of other parts of the world in which Canada has special interest. It is the intention to publish articles that will be popular in character, easily read, well illustrated and educational to the young as well as informative to the adult.

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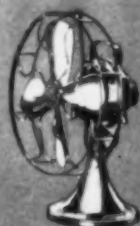
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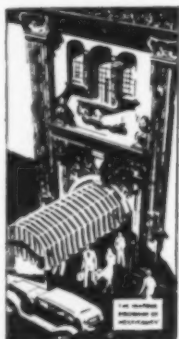


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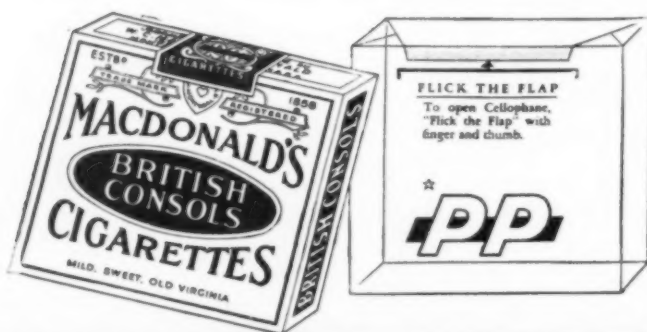
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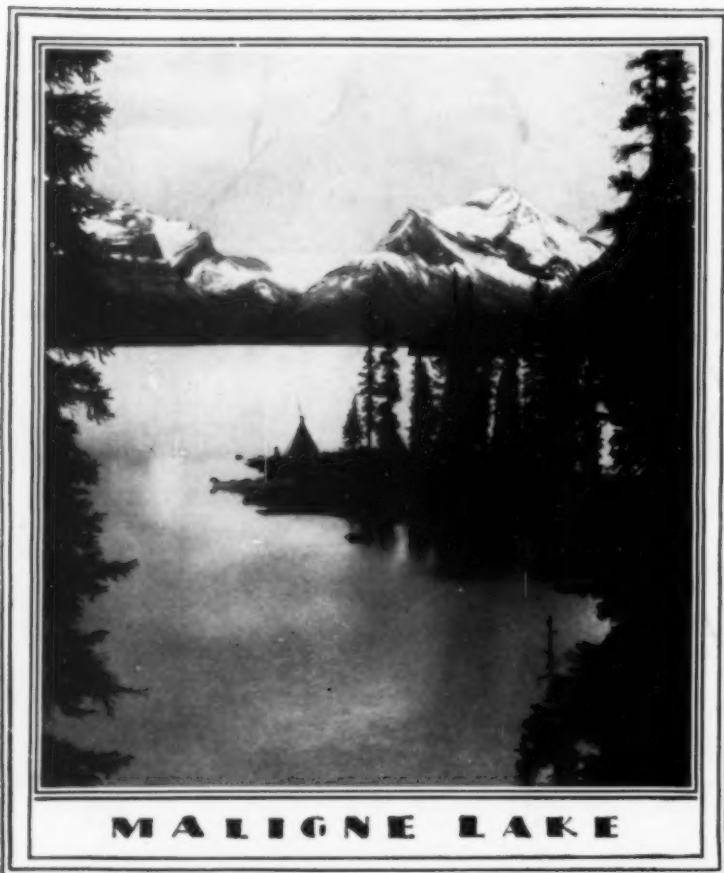
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